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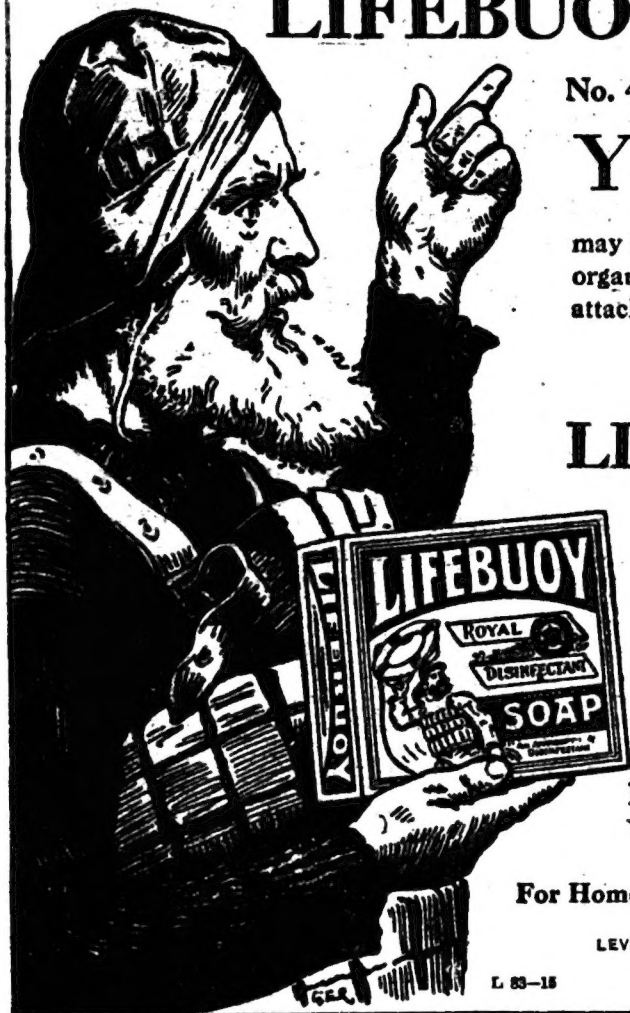
No. 1213.]

REGISTERED FOR
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WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 11, 1913.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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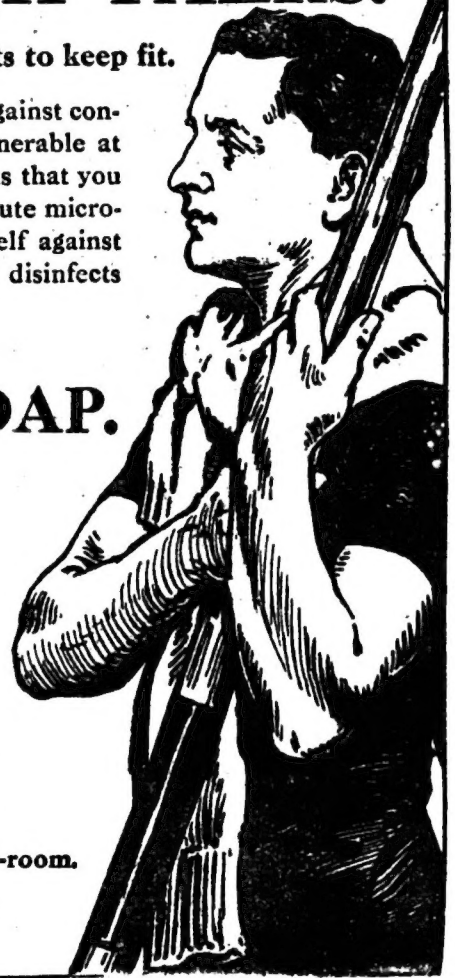
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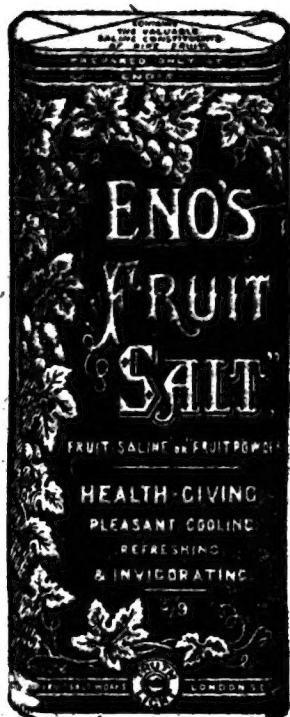
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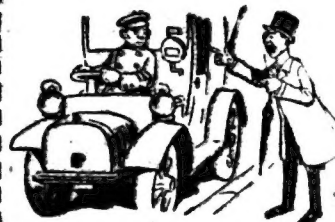
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Made in black, brown, or grey rubber, at prices to suit all. See the name "Wood-Milne" stamped on the rubber heels or tips you buy. To assure the utmost satisfaction it's best to let your boot-maker fix them for you.



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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

£500
For 12 Matches
THIS WEEK.
£1,000
WON. (See page 414.)

No. 1213.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 11, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

WAITING FOR HIM TO DIE.

Two tramps were crossing a bridge over a river one day, when they saw a notice which read: "£1 will be given to anyone saving life from this bridge!"

"You jump in, Bill, and I'll come and rescue you," said one.

"Right-ho!" said the other. "And then we'll share the quid." Accordingly one of the tramps plunged into the river and began to yell lustily for help. Mike, safe on the bridge, turned to his friend struggling in the water, and, with an excited countenance, called out:

"Sorry, Bill, but I've just seen a notice that says two pounds will be paid for a dead body!"

First Artist: "Brushem paints some very realistic work, doesn't he?"

Second Artist: "Yes, last week he painted an apple, and to-day I heard a critic say it was rotten."

"THERE's a foreign couple living in the flat next to us, and they are simply a torment to my wife."

"Why so?"
"They quarrel incessantly, and she can't understand a word of it."

Mistress: "Really, cook, what have you been doing? Seven o'clock, and the rabbit not put on yet!"

Cook: "Can't 'elp it, ma'am; I never knew anything take so long to pluck in my life."

ALWAYS SOME DRAWBACK.

A GENTLEMAN who had been spending a holiday at a Scottish seaside village noted for its golf-links, asked one of the caddies if he got much carrying in the winter time.

"Na, sir, na," replied the caddie. "There's nae carrying in the winter time. Ye see it's this way. If it's no sna' it's frost; if it's no frost it's sna'; if it's neither sna' nor frost, it's rain; if it's no rain, it's wind; an' if it's a fine day, it's the Sawbath!"

"THE doctor said he was going to put me on my feet again inside a month."

"Did he?"
"Oh, yes. I had to sell my motor to pay his bill."

Visitor: "Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school?"

Johnny: "Yes; but I don't care to show 'em."

"So you have been thinking of flying to the North Pole? Have you the machine yet?"

"No-o, not exactly."
"How far have you got with your preparations?"
"Oh! I have the air."

NEXT, PLEASE.

THEY were telling dog stories in the smoking-room the other night.

"I once had a splendid bull-terrier," said Smith. "Do you know what this animal did? One night a burglar broke into our house, and the dog jumped upon him, knocked him down, held him by the throat, and knocked him senseless with his tail."

"Very good, very good," remarked Swaffman, musingly; "but not quite so good as a retriever I once had. We were out shooting one day, and a friend of mine unfortunately hit the dog. Well, in a few minutes he came running up carrying his tail in his mouth. My friend had shot it clean away."

VERY SMART.

A WOMAN stepped up to the box-office window at the Frivolity Theatre and asked if she might take her little dog inside. She wanted to witness the matinee performance.

The box-office man was in a facetious mood. "Well," he replied, "we might permit it if you'd buy him a seat."

"Oh, I'd be glad to," said the woman. "I've already bought mine. It's F-3. Can I get one next to it for him?"

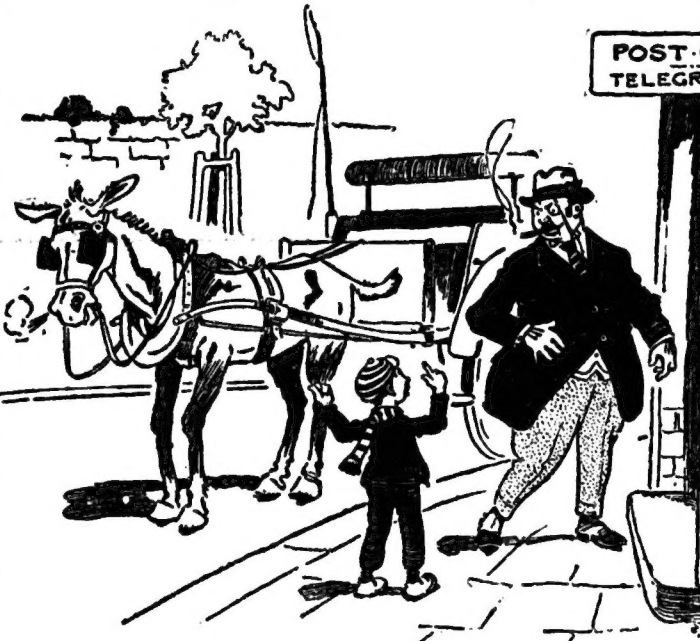
"Sorry," replied the ticket seller. "But we have just one seat for dogs in the theatre."

"What is it?" asked the woman.

"K-9," he said.

Mr. Cutting: "I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life."

Miss Indoubt: "Perhaps it did, but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity."



SOME SUPPORT WANTED.

Small Urchin (to the owner of the horse which ought to have been cat's meat):
"Does yer want me to 'old 'im, guv'nor?"
The Owner: "No thanks. He won't run away."
Small Urchin: "I didn't mean to 'old 'im fast so's he won't run away. I meant to hold him up so's he won't drop."

"AND how much of your furniture was saved from the fire?"

"Only the kitchen stool. The firemen secured that first of all so that they could broach the cask of beer with the leg."

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

Strange, is it not? She was making her garden, Planting the old-fashioned flowers that day, Bleeding-hearts tender and bachelor's buttons, Spreading the seeds in the old-fashioned way.

Just in the old-fashioned way, too, our quarrel Grew, until angrily she set me free, Planting, indeed, bleeding-hearts for the two of us, Ordaining bachelor's buttons for me.

Strange, was it not? But seeds planted in anger, Sour in the earth and ere long all decay, Withered the bleeding-hearts, blighted the buttons, And—we were wed—in the old-fashioned way.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

At a recent cricket match one of the players was caught by the ball in the face, and had to retire for some time. A man in the crowd conspicuous by the size of his nose, suddenly exclaimed: "Bah! Some of the players are made of gingerbread. Why, in my younger days, when I was playing on one occasion, the ball hit me on the nose with such force that I fell heavily to the ground, but I simply jumped up and smiled."

"And so did the crowd, I suppose?" asked someone behind.

"Certainly not; why should they?"

"Well, it looks to me as though you left your nose on the field and brought the cricket ball away in mistake," replied the other.

Mrs. Smith: "Mrs. Plumb broke her husband of walking in his sleep."

Mr. Smith: "How did she do it?"

Mrs. Smith: "Made him carry the baby."

ASKED to explain how she arrived at the calculation that she had "three" servants in her little home, a suburban resident replied: "Well, you see, we always have one coming, one going, and one there."

"SAY, mate, don't you find that drainpipe rather hard for a pillow?"

"Not a bit; I've stuffed it with straw!"

A SMART RETORT.

HE wished to be poetic, and it seemed to him that he had a good simile. As he leant towards her he produced a ring.

"My love for you," he said, "is like this ring. There is no end to it."

She examined the ring with interest and then handed it back.

"My love for you," she said, "is also like the ring. There is no beginning to it."

Young Wife: "Before we were married, Percy, you never smoked in my presence."

Young Husband: "I know it, my dear; and you never wore curl-papers in mine."

"WILLIE, what are you doing?"

"Tryin' to learn the fish in this here river what they'll get if they bite on Sunday."

Pretty Flapper (doing the shopping for the first time): "I'll have that one. Send it in time for lunch."

Poultryman: "Trussed?"

Pretty Flapper: "Certainly not; you know perfectly well we always pay cash!"

DID HE GET IT?

"ONCE again my orders have been disobeyed," said the master in a certain public school sternly. "Who is the miscreant?" Not a soul answered, and a tragic silence prevailed. "This matter shall be settled once and for all," he went on in the same icy manner, "and if none will tell, every boy in the class shall be thrashed."

Every boy, therefore, was duly thrashed, but not one would breathe the culprit's name, until suddenly, as the last boy was about to receive his share of punishment, the cane was withheld. Fixing a keen look on the lad, the master said, "Now, if you tell me who did this action I will not punish you?"

"All right, sir, I did it," came the hesitating reply.

This week's number of HOME NOTES is a Special Autumn Double Number. Eight pages of Fashions.

R

Fitting living



A Tailor Tells of the Difficulties he has

"The coat fits me like a Bulgarian blouse," complained a man whose tailor had courted him because he refused to pay for a dress suit made to order.

"Well, you can't make a suit to fit a living skeleton!" retorted the tailor. "He is so thin that there really is not space around him for all the seams that a dress coat ought to have. And to make matters worse, he stands in a different way every time that I try the suit on."

This particular tailor had good reason for his complaint, for his customer actually made his living as "living skeleton" in a show. He was five-foot-seven in height, but weighed only four stone.

This, of course, is an extreme case, but no one need imagine that the tailor's life is an easy one. The tailor already mentioned spoke of his skeleton customer as "standing a different way every time he was fitted."

Now this I do not think is a common complaint, but it is a fact that, in our trade, we have to be very careful about how a customer stands when he is being measured.

If he stands in front of a looking-glass, he is almost certain to throw out his chest, and this puts the measurements all out. When I am

in Fitting Some of his Eccentric Customers.

measuring a customer I want him, just as does a portrait painter, to stand in his natural pose and manner. I never, if I can help it, allow one of my customers to stand before a mirror when I am taking his measure.

In ready-made clothes, the two sides of any garment are made precisely alike. That is one reason why a man who wears a ready-made suit never looks well-dressed. For it is a fact, which every fitter realises early in his career, that very few individuals are symmetrical.

Most men have the right arm and side much better developed than the left. This, of course, must be allowed for in fitting. And almost all men whose business keeps them at a desk have the right shoulder higher than the left. If you come to think of it, this is only natural, for most people are right-handed.

Many people, again—perhaps three out of five—have the left leg a little longer than the right.

Of all my customers, there is only one whose measurements are what I might call perfect. He is a great swimmer, and so I take it that swimming must be the best of all exercises to develop all the limbs and muscles evenly.

Little men are usually much more difficult to

please than tall ones. The worst of it is that many small men have a preference for large patterns, which, of course, do not suit them. I may say here that short, stout men look best in dark-coloured, striped materials, while these should be entirely avoided by tall, thin men. The latter should wear self-coloured materials or checks. But only a very big and broad man can afford to wear pronounced checks.

It is often the customer who has naturally the poorest figure who makes most trouble about his clothes. I remember one of these who came into my place, and said, "Look here, I want a pair of trousers exactly like those that you made the other day for Captain B."

It may have been foolish of me, but I felt obliged to reply, "Well, you see, sir, you haven't got Captain B's legs."

Customers have all sorts of whims, which must be carefully remembered. Special pockets, for instance, in curious places. One, for instance, has his trouser pockets lined with wash leather. He is a gem merchant, and thinks nothing of carrying many hundreds of pounds worth of stones about with him in his pockets.

Another invariably has a band of flannel sewn inside the waist of his trousers. He thinks that this prevents rheumatism; while a third has his overcoats made so that he can slip a sheet of stout paper between the breast lining and the cloth. This is to protect his chest when driving against the wind.

No More Italian



Organ-grinders

Mr. Pesaresi, Whose Street-Organ is to be Told You Something Which You Don't Know.

Heard from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

It is very curious how old beliefs stick. I don't suppose there is a novelist or story-writer writing to-day who, if he were bringing an organ-grinder into a story, would not make that organ-grinder an Italian.

As a matter of fact I don't believe there are ten Italian organ-grinders in London, or twenty in the Kingdom. The average organ-grinder is a plain Englishman.

I believe when Englishmen first began to take up the business it was not unusual for the enterprising grinder to insist on his wife's decking her head with a gaily coloured Italian handkerchief, with the idea that the romantic touch of the handkerchief largely accounted for the profits.

The whole trade has changed. When the handle was in Italian hands it was no uncommon thing for papa, mamma, and baby to set out on long provincial tours, taking in Galway, Aberdeen, and Cornwall on their way. We still occasionally get requests for new tunes from clients who have been on their wanderings for years, but this happens rarely now.

Organ-grinding used practically to be a life-work. The grinder loved his job and stuck to it. Now it is practically what the newspapers call a trade barometer. The worse unemployment is at any particular time, the more organs I have out on hire.

The worse trade is, the more I thrive. The average organ-grinder only takes to the handle when he is out of work, to drop it when he gets another job.

Some of them are very quaint. There used to be one man, a "regular," who proudly referred to himself on all possible occasions as a "musician." His little stock of tunes (ten is the number) was pretty ancient, and his wife suggested that one particularly stale one might profitably give place to a new tune. He had probably played it at least fifty times a day for seven or eight years, or a mere 100,000 times or so in all.

But the "musician" was stubborn. "Looky here, Maria," he retorted, "I'm just beginning to get the hang of that chap, I am. You listen, I'll whistle it for you!" But he whistled alone.

Most organ-grinders hire their machines (from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. a day is the charge, according to the newness of the tunes or of the organ). Some own their organs, and occasionally one flourishes sufficiently to own three or four, letting the extra ones out on hire.

I heard a story once of three men who used to get their organs from the one man. Two of them managed to get an hour on the quiet with the other man's organ. In that time they contrived to turn the big "roller" end for end (a piano-organ has a cylinder just like the old-fashioned "musical

boxes") so that it played its tunes backwards. Strong men fled before it, but the player played it for several hours before coming back with the vague complaint that there was "something wrong."

The piano-organ business is not a very old one. The instrument was only invented some forty years ago. It spread all over Europe like wildfire. There is hardly a corner of the Continent in which it is not as common as it is here. In many places it is much commoner. For organ-grinding in England is decaying as rapidly as it grew. The manufacture of street-organs is almost at a standstill. They cost, by the way, from £15 to £40.

One reason is the popularity of the gramophone. Another is the fact that in London more and more districts are barred to the organ-grinder, while in the provinces whole towns refuse him permission to earn his living. Picture palaces, too, hurt us. The decay started just about the time of the South African War.

I am afraid the old romance has pretty well vanished. In the days before a simple request had legal power to move an organ-grinder on, it was no uncommon thing for a ne'er-do-well to levy a sort of blackmail on his rich relations by playing an organ for hours outside their doors, displaying a card telling who he was.

The monkey that delighted so many of us as children has deserted the business, too. He used practically to form one of his owner's family. One man made a good living by training small monkeys for street-organs.

There are not more than 500 organs in the streets of London to-day.

Strike-breakers



Humble Professions Often

FARLEY, the strike-breaker, is dead, and has left behind him a fortune well over a million dollars—that is, upwards of £200,000.

Two hundred thousand pounds—all made by fighting trade unions, and all within a dozen years, for Farley was only thirty six years old when consumption killed him. Truly a wonderful record.

Farley kept a paid army of a thousand strike-breakers ready to go anywhere or do anything. He had a reserve of 20,000 more. He boasted that he could break any strike within a fortnight, and he never broke his word. His fees were enormous. He once was paid the lump sum of £10,000 by a federation of Boston employers.

There are many ways of making a living, but few of gaining wealth. If you study records of wills you will be struck by the fact that it is often just those callings which are most despised which actually afford something better than a competence. For example, only a few weeks ago, a chimney sweep who had pursued his calling in a south-coast watering place, left by will the sum of £6,000.

This is just the same amount as was bequeathed

Die Rich

Prove Most Lucrative.

to his wife by an out-porter at Bolton railway-station, who died in January, 1911.

Mr. Jacob King, bathing-machine proprietor at Bexhill, who died in March, 1910, left a fortune of nearly £12,000, while an American "sand artist," named Murrell, is said to have saved more than double that amount in the course of twenty-seven years' work on the beaches.

One of the most amazing of such cases is the Sheffield scissors grinder who, by hard work and thrifty habits, became a wealthy man and died in November, 1911, worth over £20,000.

To turn to purely curious methods of earning fortunes.

Antonio Ferrer was a Swiss shepherd who in his way was a bit of an artist. Instead of drawing, he used to weave hair and wool into quaint devices.

An English lady saw some of his work, brought him to England, and paid for his training. Soon afterwards Ferrer set up in business in Regent-Street. His trade grew, and he foresaw a craze. He sent back to Switzerland for a number of pauper girls, whom he trained to the work, and soon he had

a splendid house in a southern suburb, and had established branches of his business all over England. He made over £100,000 before the craze slowly died away.

Everyone has heard of the professional applauder or "claqueur" who used to be employed in all French theatres, especially on a first night. Some seven or eight years ago M. Jules Ledoux, a claque organiser, died leaving a quarter of a million francs, or over £10,000.

Some thirty years ago a young English railway engineer, a very wild youth, drifted out to India. He fell in love with a native woman, married her, and settled down in a native house at Nyrce, near Allahabad.

His wife came of a family who were hereditary brick-makers. She managed to interest him in the work, and told him secrets unknown to most white men. He went into the business and prospered so greatly that, at his death a few years ago, a niece in England inherited £40,000.

There is a man living in London to-day who has made a quarter of a million by backing race-horses, another whose income of £80,000 a year arises from the manufacture of pills, while a third, who at the rate of at least £5,000 a year is a man of noble parentage whose wealth has accrued wholly from the manufacture of a particular brand of sausage.

The famous Pollycooly starts again in the October PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. You'll see her portrait on the cover.

ANOTHER MAN'S SINS

A Strange Story of Mistaken Identity.

By ROY VICKERS.

CHAPTER I.

I Am Not Lord Doucester.

It was nearly six o'clock. In the offices of Messrs. Morris & Blane the clerks were knocking off work, brightening at the prospect of rejoining wives or sweethearts after the long working day. There was a brief exchange of friendly chaff as one after another replaced the heavy ledgers and passed out of the building.

The last to leave was Jack Riley. In spite of his fine physique and strong, intelligent features, there was about him an air of weariness that was absent from the others. After his ten hours' work of adding figures and checking accounts he left the office without enthusiasm.

As a fact, his life was as drab outside the office as in. He had no living relatives. The ordinary dissipation open to a young bachelor earning a fair wage had no attractions for him. He was of a steady, almost studious disposition. But he possessed intellect rather than commercial shrewdness, and he seemed to have reached the limit of financial self-advancement.

"I suppose I shall go on like this until I die!" he mused as he trudged back to his dingy lodgings in Bloomsbury. "If one had a home—someone to work for—things might be different!"

At times the blankness of his outlook seemed to stifle his natural cheeriness and social instincts.

He jumped hastily to dodge a passing motor-car. As he landed on the side-walk he cannoned into a well-dressed, elderly man, carrying a brief bag.

"I beg your pardon, sir—these taxis, you know," he said courteously.

At first the stranger had glared at him in annoyance. But as Jack Riley had spoken, a striking change had come over the other's face. He seemed to be regarding him literally with open-mouthed astonishment.

Riley, perceiving that he had not hurt the man, passed rapidly onwards and, a minute later, had forgotten the incident.

He had just turned up a side street out of the Strand when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned sharply and confronted the man to whom he had just apologised.

The stranger, with a dry smile, extended his hand. "Lord Doucester!" he exclaimed quietly, but with suppressed excitement. "I recognised you at once! Well, won't you shake hands with me, after all these years?"

"I am afraid, sir, that you have made a mistake," replied Riley good-humouredly. "I am not Lord Doucester."

The stranger smiled again—smiled indulgently. "Come, come," he said, assuming a fatherly manner. "You mustn't try to deceive an old fogey like me, you know! Why, I remember you when you were so high! And you remember me, too. You haven't forgotten old Soames, the solicitor, during the last five years, have you?"

"Really," replied Jack Riley, with the faintest touch of annoyance, "I have no desire to hurt your feelings, but I assure you that I have never before had the pleasure of meeting you, and I am not Lord Doucester!"

Mr. Soames showed clearly that he did not believe the denial.

"If—if you are still anxious to conceal your whereabouts—and your identity," he said tactfully, "you can rely upon me to respect your confidence. Though you must allow an old man who has been honoured with the friendship of your family to say that it was just a trifle thoughtless to disappear without a word to anyone. The Earl thought—"

"You compel me to be blunt," interrupted Jack Riley. "Frankly, I don't understand a word of what you are saying. I have told you that I am not the man you suppose me to be, you do not believe my denial. Good evening!"

He turned on his heel and walked rapidly away. The solicitor hurried after him.

"The scandal has blown over—everyone has forgotten it!" he panted—for the pace was sharp.

Jack Riley made no answer, and the other continued: "The Earl would forgive everything—he has said so—over and over again—tears in his eyes!"

Jack Riley was beginning to think that the man who called himself Soames, the solicitor, was in reality a lunatic. He had no desire to be one of the characters in a scene in the street, so he beckoned to a passing taxi-cab. An eightpenny fare is not a very serious item to a bachelor earning two pounds a week.

Now, if the solicitor had been a fool, he would have taken another taxi-cab and followed, thereby running

the risk of detection. But he was not a fool. He simply made a hasty note of the number of the cab and, late that same evening, obtained from the chauffeur, in return for a substantial tip, the address at which he had deposited the young man.

When, on the following morning, Jack Riley left his lodgings in Bloomsbury for the office, he noticed a man standing at the end of the narrow side street. He saw the same man again, on the opposite side of the road, in Shaftesbury Avenue. He suspected then that he was being followed.

"Wonder whether he has anything to do with the old lunatic who thinks I am a nobleman in disguise!" he mused. "Silly sort of disguise—clerking!" he added, laughing to himself.

By lunch time the morning's work had practically blotted the incident from his memory. He had returned to the office and had been working for something over an hour when he suddenly started at hearing the voice of the senior partner.

"Er—er—Lord Doucester—will you be good enough to step this way?"

Unmistakably, the Chief was addressing him. It flashed across him, then, that the man he thought to be mad had come to the office with his ridiculous tale. He flushed with mingled annoyance and confusion as he realised that all his fellow-clerks had dropped their pens and were staring at him in amazement.

"There is some mistake, sir," he said, as coolly as he could. "I—I am not a nobleman in disguise. I am afraid someone has been trying to make a fool of me!"

"Well, well," replied Mr. Morris, beaming, "we shall see in a moment. The Earl of Merrington is waiting in my office and wishes to see you."

And then the senior partner did a thing which at once convinced the gaping clerks that their colleague was indeed a nobleman—he advanced and, taking Jack Riley almost affectionately by the arm, led him in the direction of the private office.

"And to think we have treated you as an ordinary clerk for five years," muttered the senior partner as they gained the corridor.

"I only hope, sir," said Jack Riley desperately, "that when this matter is explained you will believe that I, at least, have no part in the conspiracy."

Without replying, Mr. Morris opened the door of his own office, urged the other forward, and then closed it, himself remaining outside.

Flushed, and not a little nervous, Jack Riley faced two men. One of them was Mr. Soames, the solicitor; the other, a fine, well-preserved, middle-aged man—looking, every inch of him, the aristocrat that he was—was the Earl of Merrington.

"Robert!" exclaimed the Earl starting forward. In his voice there was an unmistakable relief, mingled with affection. But, with an effort he pulled himself up almost stiffly.

"I think," he said quietly, "you will admit that you owe me an explanation before we shake hands."

The quiet assumption that he was someone else disconcerted Jack Riley. Neither of the two men peered into his face, or debated about his identity, or did anything to suggest the remotest possibility of doubt.

For a moment he remained silent, wondering how to deal with the position most tactfully. Then he spoke calmly.

"Lord Merrington, will you listen to me a moment, please? Yesterday, this gentleman stopped me in the street and addressed me as Lord Doucester. To-day, it is quite clear that you also believe me to be the same. I am sorry, but you are both mistaken. I can only suggest that I must be the physical double of your son. Such cases are comparatively common, I believe."

As the Earl made a gesture of impatience he added: "My own identity can be established beyond dispute."

Even while he was speaking Jack Riley had the feeling that his words were falling on deaf ears. The Earl confirmed his suspicion.

"Robert," said the Earl severely, "I confess that you disgust me. As before, you seem to be dead to all the finer human susceptibilities. After an absence of nearly six years you can look your father in the face and calmly deny that you are his son."

"I do not know what object you can have in this ridiculous and undignified bluff. For myself, I would gladly leave you in the humble position you have chosen to adopt, and never again set eyes upon you. But for the sake of others it is necessary that you should resume your position. If you are still afraid of

the scandal, you have my assurance that Society has forgotten it. In any case, as you were only twenty-one at the time—"

"Lord Merrington," broke in Jack Riley hotly, "once again I tell you that I am not your son. There is no scandal in my life! I must ask you to listen to my proofs—"

Under the great strain to which he was being subjected the iron reserve of the Earl was weakening. Perceiving this, the solicitor hastily intervened.

"My lord, he is not bluffing as you suppose," he said in an undertone which could nevertheless be heard by Jack Riley. "I am convinced—"

"Mr. Soames," said the Earl almost fiercely, "do you dare to tell me, sir, that I do not know my own son?"

"No, no, my lord! You misunderstand me entirely. I simply mean to say that Lord Doucester must sincerely believe that he—that he is not Lord Doucester!"

"Kindly explain!" said the Earl coldly, while Jack Riley listened in wonder at this new line of action.

"In the first place," said the solicitor, "you can see that he is perfectly sane at the present moment. But to deny his identity—if he knew it—would be the act of a madman, because it is obvious that we could produce literally hundreds of witnesses to identify him. Moreover, if he had had any conscious ulterior motive in remaining hidden he would not have come to London, and he would certainly have fled last night after I had recognised him."

"Do you suggest—?" began the Earl.

"I suggest nothing, my lord, except that we consult a mental expert at once. And because, as I have said, he is sane, I am convinced that Lord Doucester—or Mr. Riley as he believes himself to be—will give us every assistance in clearing up the mystery."

"You may rely upon that," replied Jack Riley eagerly. "Only I am afraid that it will explode your interesting theory at once."

"So much the better!" retorted Mr. Soames, glad that he had won his point. "So much the better!"

A few moments later the Earl grudgingly agreed to depart and leave the solicitor to handle matters.

"We are keeping—er—your employer from his room," he said. "Perhaps you would be good enough to come round to my office?"

In the corridor they met the senior partner. Jack Riley at once asked for permission to go out with the solicitor.

"With pleasure, my dear Lord Doucester! With pleasure! I presume you will be resigning your position in the firm now that—"

"Certainly not, sir! And I hope that my standing will not be prejudiced."

The solicitor drew Mr. Morris aside, and Jack Riley knew that he was expounding his theory.

"And now," said the solicitor as they sat together in his office, "you will answer my questions? Very good! We'll begin by assuming that you are Mr. Riley, as you believe. Question number one—Where are your parents?"

"I have none. I was a posthumous child, and my mother died within a few days of my birth."

"Quite so!" said Mr. Soames as gravely as if he believed the statement. "But your relatives?"

"I—I have no relatives, either—to my knowledge at any rate." And as the solicitor elevated his eyebrows Riley continued rapidly: "After my father's death my mother came to her only relative, who kept a small draper's shop at Brighton. He had no wife, but he brought me up with the aid of a housekeeper, and in time took me as an apprentice. About that time the Corporation were widening the road and bought his shop. With the money he set up another shop at Fulham. When I was twenty he died and the Fulham shop was sold. I came very near starvation, but eventually secured my present position with Messrs. Morris & Blane. I have been there a little over five years."

"H'm!" said the solicitor half to himself. "A little over five years! That would have been just about the time."

"Do you—do you believe what I have said?" demanded Jack Riley. His tone was not indignant; it was rather appealing. As a fact it had suddenly struck him that his life's story sounded singularly unconvincing. No living relatives to identify him!

"My dear Lord—my dear Mr. Riley, I believe entirely and wholeheartedly in your good faith!"

That evening the solicitor went down to Brighton. He started a rapid investigation of Jack Riley's story—

not because he doubted for a moment that Jack Riley really was Lord Doucester, but simply to find if the person that he imagined himself to be, namely, Jack Riley, had ever existed at all—whether, in fact, the story was an invention or a genuine illusion.

Although the information he obtained was of the scantiest, there was sufficient to tell him that the story was substantially true.

On the following day he went to Somerset House. Jack Riley had told him his age and birthday, and he went to obtain the birth certificate.

There was no record of a Jack Riley having been born at Brighton on the specified date.

Then he went to a Harley Street specialist in mental diseases and laid the full facts before him.

"It might be what we call a 'pathological illusion,'" pronounced the specialist. "Of course, I can't say that it is. Even if I were to see the patient I could not possibly tell for certain, especially as he is apparently sane in all other respects."

"I can, however, assure you that such a state of mind is quite well known to science. There would be a lapse of memory to start with—quite possibly caused by a physical or mental shock. In such a state the mind is readily susceptible to illusions. Moreover, the change in the handwriting, which you say has taken place, would tend to support the theory of a blow on the head."

As soon as he had left the specialist Mr. Soames telephoned to the Earl.

Then he went in search of Jack Riley.

Mr. Soames did not tell Riley the result of his investigations, but with no little difficulty persuaded him to come and see the Earl.

As they entered the big house in Cadogan Square Mr. Soames, restraining the butler, said suddenly to Jack Riley: "The Earl is in the library. Will you go in first? I will follow."

"But where is the library?" asked Jack Riley.

It was a trick on the part of the solicitor to "revive the memory."

The Earl rose as they entered.

He motioned Jack Riley to a chair and then nodded to the solicitor.

Mr. Soames cleared his throat nervously and addressed Jack Riley.

"You are in a very painful position," he began.

"How painful will depend entirely upon the amount of common sense you bring to bear. To put the matter bluntly, you are suffering from a lapse of memory followed by an illusion. Thus, while you have completely forgotten your real identity—your upbringing and earlier associations—you firmly believe yourself to be someone else."

"There is really nothing to be alarmed about in that," he continued hastily, as he observed Jack Riley's gesture of indignation, and mistook it for one of fear. "We all know that you are perfectly sane to-day—the specialist has assured me that your condition is comparatively common. You must simply use the intelligence you possess to realise your own position."

"But this is monstrous," cried Jack Riley. "I remember my childhood, my—my uncle—everything."

"Of course you do!" replied the solicitor. "It is all part of the illusion! You have had it for just over five years now, so it is fairly thorough, I suppose. As a matter of fact, I have investigated every detail of what you believe to be your life history. I have discovered that it is substantially true—"

"Then, surely—"

"Wait! I have discovered also that 'Jack Riley' does not exist. You say that you know your birthday? Well, there is no record of your supposed birth in Somerset House."

As Jack Riley stared at him in open-mouthed amazement, he continued:

"What probably happened was this. About the time of your disappearance and lapse of memory you fell in with some young fellow. You chummed with him, and he told you his life's story—quite truthfully, except that he gave himself a false name. Perhaps he left you, and while you were wondering about your own identity—as you must have wondered—his story worked into your brain, and you fell into the illusion that you were he."

Jack Riley rose from his chair and strode towards the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded the Earl authoritatively.

"To leave your house, Lord Merrington," replied Jack Riley. "I am sorry if you still believe that I am your son. I can only repeat that I am not. And, without wishing to appear offensive, I must beg that you allow me to resume my work unmolested."

"Wait," said the Earl. "As you refuse to realise your own illusion, put it like this. I will adopt you as my son. You will leave your present sphere and come to live here. You will have an allowance of £10,000 a year."

"Ten thousand a year! And he was a clerk laboriously earning two pounds a week. A man with a less lofty sense of honour would have been tempted to acquiesce, and, by so doing, to accept the riches which were literally thrust upon him. But Jack Riley did not hesitate."

"A very generous offer, Lord Merrington, but one which my self-respect will not allow me to accept," he replied heatedly, his hand upon the door-knob.

"Very well," said the Earl, shrugging his shoulders. "As you will not listen to reason, you force me to take drastic measures."

Jack Riley paused, surprised.

"Drastic measures!" he echoed, frowning. "With all respects to your lordship, you have no power to compel me—"

"Not at present," replied the Earl sharply. "But in a few days I shall have obtained that power from a magistrate."

From a magistrate! The words echoed in his ears as Jack Riley left the house. That clearly meant that the Earl would apply for an order depriving him of control of his actions, certifying him as a lunatic, in fact.

His first act was to go to Somerset House to "search" for his birth certificate. There he found that the solicitor had spoken the truth.

So he had no official identity! But he had no time to wrestle with this fresh riddle. In any case it did not prove that ridiculous nonsense about a lapsed memory. He remembered everything clearly—his earlier life—doubtless some technical blunder had prevented his proper registration. He would go to a solicitor.

"So you have no relatives!" said the solicitor. "But surely there must be some friends, some regular customers even, who would identify you. Of course, it is no good trying at Brighton—you were a child then—but at Fulham?"

London is an unfriendly city; and they had not been long enough in London to make friends. But, after racking his memory, Jack Riley recalled the names of three persons, two customers and a neighbour, who might be expected to remember him.

"H'm! I'll look these people up and get them to pick you out in court. If you go and see them beforehand it will discount the value of their evidence. I suppose they will identify you?"

"They ought to," said Jack Riley.

But when he was sitting in court they did not identify him. Their recollections, in the witness-box, were extremely vague. There might have been a young man. There might have been two male assistants. They could not tell whether one of them was a relative of the proprietor or not. Five years is a long time to remember the face of a casual shop assistant.

On the other side, the Earl, in addition to his own testimony, produced five old servants who at once "identified" Jack Riley as Lord Doucester.

"My client," said his solicitor, "is prepared to produce literally a hundred witnesses, if need be, who will at once identify the defendant."

"I don't think that will be necessary," said the magistrate, smiling. As a fact he was already convinced, as was everyone except the defendant, who alone knew the truth. None of the provable facts—the facts of his life during the last five years—were inconsistent with the supposition that Jack Riley was the missing Lord Doucester.

But it was not until three mental experts had, by quoting previous cases, proved that the alleged state of the defendant's mind was comparatively familiar to science that the magistrate made the order that deprived Jack Riley of his freedom of action.

That same evening a large motor brougham drew up outside the lodgings in Bloomsbury. Out of it stepped a doctor and four muscular attendants.

"Wait here," said the doctor. "I don't think you will be needed. I understand that he is quite sane in other respects."

As a fact, the muscular attendants were not needed. Tactfully, the doctor explained his mission.

Rather than submit to the indignity of being carried off by force, Riley voluntarily entered the brougham and was driven to the private asylum.

CHAPTER II Love at First Sight.

THE private asylum was exactly like a sumptuously appointed modern hotel. Its inmates bore out this illusion, for there were few bad cases amongst them, and all could behave properly. The great difference, of course, was that no one could escape its closely-guarded doors, while the high wall that surrounded its spacious grounds was unscalable.

To Jack Riley his surroundings seemed almost incredibly magnificent. On his first morning a tailor came and measured him for an extensive wardrobe. Well-trained servants were ever at his beck and call, anxious to carry out his slightest whim. But he was miserable.

The whole thing seemed an absurdity, and yet it had happened. In an English court of law, in the twentieth century, it had been proved, with apparent conclusiveness, that he was the son of an Earl—when he knew perfectly well that he was nothing of the kind. And because he had persisted in stating the truth—because he had refused to consent to an unconscious fraud—he was confined in a madhouse.

The weeks passed and his position remained the same. He had given up protesting his identity as it merely convinced the doctors that his "illusion" was deep-rooted. Once a week the Earl came to visit him.

They would chat for an hour on casual topics, the Earl making repeated efforts to "revive" his memory.

At his third visit the Earl said: "Aren't you getting sick of—this?"

"I hate it!" replied Jack Riley.

"You can leave it to-morrow," said the Earl, "if you will only admit to yourself—and others—that you are suffering from an illusion. Otherwise I am afraid you will remain here permanently."

"You mean," said Jack Riley slowly, "if I come to live with you as Lord Doucester?"

"I mean," replied the Earl deliberately, "that you will have to give me your solemn promise that, so long as your unfortunate obsession remains, you will honestly do your best to believe the truth and act up to it."

For a minute or more Jack Riley hesitated. Then he thought of the alternative—life-long confinement in a madhouse.

"Very well," he said at length, "I give the promise you require. I will live as your son, and—God help me—will do my best to prove worthy of the position. Only now, for the last time, I assure you that it is all a ghastly mistake—"

"That will do!" interrupted the Earl. "I accept your word, and will make the necessary arrangements."

On the following day Jack Riley entered the house in Cadogan Square.

He was saved from immediate embarrassment by the fact that the Earl had told the servants—as well as his friends and acquaintances—that his son, Lord Doucester, had suffered a lapse of memory which unfortunately remained. Everything was thus made as easy as possible for him.

One afternoon the Earl said to him suddenly: "You will see Lady Aline to-night?"

He would often jerk remarks to Riley like that, in the hope of "stimulating his memory."

"Who is Lady Aline?"

"The girl you were going to marry before you disappeared!" And as Riley gave a gasp of mingled dismay and astonishment he continued, with a sigh: "I suppose I had better tell you all about her as you seem to have forgotten. You knew each other from infancy. She is a year or so younger than you. You proposed to her and were accepted; but as she was only in her first season and you were both little more than children, it was agreed that your engagement should not be announced for a year."

"Whatever you may have felt, she was evidently in earnest, for she has refused a number of suitors since in the hope of your ultimate return. I gather that she has forgiven you for the Stranack affair."

This time the Earl referred unconsciously to a past event. When Riley asked what the Stranack affair was he answered: "You were co-respondent—a Mrs. Stranack. She disappeared afterwards. They say she is in Paris. It was thought at first that you had joined her."

"A co-respondent at twenty-one!" gasped Riley.

"Tell me, was I—by way of being—a blackguard?"

"You were," replied the Earl emphatically. Then, softening, he added: "I do not want to hurt your feelings, Robert. I gladly admit that I have already noticed a decided change in you."

It was at a dance that Riley was to meet Lady Aline Lissonden.

As soon as he entered the brilliant ballroom his eye fell upon a girl who seemed to him to stand out from all the others. Of slightly more than medium height, the classical perfection of her form and features entranced the eye, Riley wondered whether she were Lady Aline.

A moment later he knew.

"Bob—Bob, you haven't forgotten me, too?"

In the crowded ballroom her words were little more than a whisper. Even so, Riley could detect the note of pain that underlay them. It made him feel indescribably brutal, for, without doubt he had fallen in love at first sight.

"Lady Aline, believe me—"

"You have forgotten," she said quietly. "Never mind! It—it was only to be expected, as you have forgotten everything else. Perhaps—perhaps you will remember later."

Later in the evening, when his programme showed that he had another dance with her, she said: "Let us skip this out. Bob, we will go to the old alcove. You remember?"

His blank look was her answer, and, with a sigh, she led him through the conservatory into the illuminated garden. There, in an alcove in the shadow of an oak tree, they stopped.

"Bob, you have even forgotten, this?" she said, with a catch in her voice. "Oh, it is too terrible, too cruel! Bob, it was here you proposed to me," she said. "You loved me then. And I know that you love me now. I saw it in your eyes—over there. You—you kissed me then, Bob, and you have forgotten."

"Kiss me again!" she whispered brokenly, "and you will remember."

For an instant Jack Riley hesitated. Honour or desire? Which should he choose?

(The extraordinary complications which result from Jack Riley's strange situation will be related in next week's issue.)



When Our Boy Went Wrong

"I Cured Him by Getting His Employer To Sack Him," Says His Mother in This Article.

I SUPPOSE it's only natural that boys as they grow older get a bit high-spirited and want to go their own way.

Albert was as good a boy as you could wish for till he'd turned sixteen. We put him to work at the foundry when he left school, and for three years they had nothing but praise for him there.

After he was sixteen I began to notice a change in Albert. He'd be sometimes sullen and sometimes full of back-answers; there was no getting him to settle to anything, and several times his father had to set him down pretty sharply. As a rule on a Saturday he'd give me most of his money to keep for him, except what he had for pocket-money, but quite suddenly he began to grumble and say he earned it, and why shouldn't he have it?

At Loggerheads with the Police.

I had my suspicions what was at the bottom of it all, and they turned out quite correct, for after this he was always about the streets at night with one of the fastest girls in the town. Instead of a good name he got to having a bad one, and the sergeant of police even dropped a quiet hint to Jim that the young chaps were getting so rowdy some of them would be in trouble before long, and Albert among them.

A day or two later Albert told me he was engaged to Cissie Quick, the girl I've mentioned.

"Engaged, my boy?" I said. "Why, what call

have you to be engaged? You earn ten shillings a week at the foundry, and there's a deal of saving up needed for marriage. Besides, you're only a boy yet, and I'm thinking when your time does come you'll need someone a bit steadier than Cissie."

But he simply flounced out in a rage.

I was sorry, because Mary Brown opposite, as nice a girl as I could wish, had always been sweethearts with Albert till lately. And at last, when he took to hanging about public-houses and betting, I made up my mind to interfere.

I put on my hat one night and went up to see Mr. Jenkins, the owner of the foundry. He's been a good friend to us, for Jim worked there a long time before he took up with motors and got a place at the garage.

I had a plan in my head, and I explained it to Mr. Jenkins.

"I want you to give Albert the sack, sir," I said. Mr. Jenkins laughed.

"Why, that's a strange thing for a boy's mother to ask!" he exclaimed.

Sacked!

Then I told him how things were with Albert. I explained that I didn't want him to be out of a place really, but I hoped that a shock would bring him to his senses, it being only lately that he'd got a bit wild.

Mr. Jenkins shook his head.

"Perhaps you're right, Mrs. Stevens," he said. "I've heard nothing good about Albert lately. I'll see what I can do for you."

The following Saturday Albert came home looking very defiant.

"I've got the sack," he said, off-handedly. "I don't care!"

I asked Mary Brown round to tea that night, because I had a notion how Miss Cissie would take Albert's news. Mary was very quiet and

sympathetic, and Albert took very little notice. Directly after tea he rushed off.

It was eleven o'clock when he came back, and I've never seen a boy more miserable. I put a hand on his shoulder, and gave him a warning look not to say anything. He's a sensible man, and he went up to bed and left us together.

First Albert shook off my arm roughly; then he put his hands over his face, and burst into tears.

"She Laughed at Me."

"She—she laughed at me!" he sobbed at last. "She and the other girls. They all jeered because I'd got the sack!"

Well, I could see my boy had come back to me, and I could afford to pet him a little. I showed him how he was well rid of Cissie, and promised to speak to Mr. Jenkins for him. He went to sleep quite happy.

Mr. Jenkins took him back, and Albert's been a son to be proud of ever since. There's a deal of good in most boys if you only handle them right. He and Mary are sweethearts again now. She's worth ten of Cissie Quick.

Mrs. M'CARTHY: "Yer wages is sixpence short this week, Mike."

M'CARTHY: "Yis, Jane. We had an explosion on Monday, and the foreman docked me for the time I was in the air!"

WOULD YOU LIKE A GRAPHOPHONE?

We are giving ten Special Prizes of Columbia Hornless Graphophones and Three Double-Sided Records with each instrument, in our "Middles" Contest on page 420.

RATTLES FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

Instead of using blank cartridges at the recent Army manoeuvres the soldiers were given big rattles of the type often used by showmen at fairs. Besides being economical, they imparted a realistic touch to the operations and were a great success. The rattles were not used as shown by our cartoonist, but he thinks that they might be in future.





WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

It has just been told how Doris Crawford goes away to Lowestoft, with her mother, for a holiday. In the meantime Edwin Boote hits on a vile plan for encompassing Donald Murray's ruin by faking his firm's books, embezzling £200, gambling with the stolen money, and putting the whole transaction on Murray's shoulders.

Unsuspecting of the danger threatening him, Donald goes down to Lowestoft to try to see Doris. As he is crossing the road he is arrested.

"I am a police-officer," said his captor quietly, "and I arrest you on a charge of embezzlement, and warn you that anything you may say may be used in evidence against you."

(YOU CAN NOW READ ON.)

CHAPTER IX.

The Perjurers.

For a second or so Don was dazed, then he turned to his captor with a laugh.

"You've made a mistake," he said. "I'm not the Donald Murray you are looking for. I assure you that I'm just a very ordinary poorly paid clerk, spending a week-end here. My name isn't particularly uncommon and—"

"You are employed by Grant, Sons, & Richardson, of Moorgate Street, London?"

"Yes," said Don, with a surprised glance, "but—"

"The charge of embezzlement is made by them, and on their application a warrant was issued yesterday afternoon," said the detective quietly. "I have only just arrived, and, recognising you from the description, I have been saved a tedious search."

"But, man, you must be mad! I have never touched a penny of the firm's money, and they know it. Why, Richardson himself knows I am here; he gave me leave!"

"I'll admit it's rum that you should have told them where you were going," said the detective. "I didn't much expect to find you here, but that's nothing to do with me. Now, look here, we'd better go to your lodgings and get your things, and I'll tell you more about it in the train. You look a chap to be trusted, and so long as you don't give trouble I won't make things hard for you, but I've handcuffs here if they're needed."

Don was absolutely staggered; for a moment he had a mad impulse to tell the man that he had come to Lowestoft to see the girl he loved, and that he would not go back to London without seeing her, but fortunately he realised that the only thing to do was to submit quietly, if he were to save the ordeal of making the journey in handcuffs.

"Very well," he said a little hoarsely. "There's been some terrible mistake over this business, but I'm quite ready to do what you wish. When we get to London I shall soon be able to clear myself."

The detective said nothing, but fell into pace with him. It was nothing to do with him what happened when they got to London, for the moment his business was only to convey the man beside him to safe custody in that city, and though he seemed to be strolling along casually, his quick eyes missed nothing, and he was quite prepared to deal with any attempt to escape should his judgment of the young fellow have been at fault.

Suddenly his prisoner turned to him with his face pale and excited.

"There's a girl over the road," he said hoarsely. "I don't want her to see me. Can't we dodge somewhere round, or—"

But it was too late. The girl in the white frock and big straw hat on the other side of the road had given a startled cry of recognition and ran across to him. Murray saw that her face was tanned, that the blue eyes were brighter, and that she looked prettier than ever as she glanced from him to the man by his side.

"Why, Mr. Murray," she cried, "this is a surprise! Are you taking your holidays earlier than you expected?"

Don kept his voice steady and spoke lightly by a superhuman effort.

"No," he said, "I ran down for the week-end, but there's been some mistake at the office, some silly

The Story of a Cruel Plot and its Amazing Consequences.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

mistake, which will soon be put right when we get to town. This gentleman is a detective, and—just for formality's sake, I have to consider myself under arrest and accompany him back to London."

Doris paled, and her eyes distended.

"Arrested!" she cried. "What have they arrested you for?"

"Oh, it's all a mistake! I suppose there's been some muddle with the books, and they've jumped to the conclusion that I've been embezzling. There's no need to be alarmed, Dor—Miss Crawford. I shall easily be able to clear myself. The annoying part is that I lose what I had looked forward to as a very enjoyable little holiday."

The words came from him mechanically. They sounded very futile to his own ears, but he had to steel himself against his love more than ever now there was this shadow hanging over him.

The girl gazed at him, tears welling up in her eyes. The detective glanced at his watch.

"We must be moving," he said gruffly; "we've only just got time to get your things and catch the train."

Don held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Crawford! I'm glad I've had the pleasure of seeing you, at all events," he said; "it somewhat compensates for the lost holiday."

The girl stared at him dully.

"Good-bye!" she said. "Good-bye—Don!"

Her voice broke, and she hurried away, Don losing his coolness now, would have sprung after her, but the detective gripped his arm.

"Now, then," he said warningly, "I oughtn't to have hung about letting you talk, you must hurry up and collect your baggage, or we shall miss the train."

"But, man, she is—"

He broke off, and his lips set hard as he hurried to his lodgings with the detective by his side. She had called him by his Christian name for the first time, and she had been terribly upset at his arrest.

Like a flash it went through him how she had warned him of Edwin Boote. Could the man who was admittedly his enemy have bolstered up a charge against him?

"If he's at the bottom of this," he muttered to himself as he hastily packed his bag with the detective looking on, "if he's got up some lying story in order to bring this about, by Heaven he shall pay for it! I'll—"

"Now, then," said the detective sharply, as he looked at his watch, "come on. If we miss that train, my lad, you'll spend a few hours in a cell at the local police-station, for I'm hanged if I'm going to trot you round the town."

"I'm ready," said Don.

He had paid his bill on entering the place, and there was nothing to detain them. As they entered the station the detective caught his arm.

"There's no need to hold on to me," said Don quietly. "I shan't run away."

"There's nothing like making sure," said the detective, with a slight smile, as he led the way towards a third-class smoking carriage.

And just as London's tollers were leaving the City for the welcome half-holiday, Donald Murray drove up to the Guildhall Police-court and alighted from the cab like a man in a dream.

Donald Murray stood in the dock with an expression of blank amazement upon his face, an expression that deepened as the evidence proceeded. Sometimes he would dart a piercing glance at the witness-box, and once or twice he opened his mouth as though to speak, but checked himself.

It was the Monday morning following his arrest. On the Saturday afternoon he had been brought up and remanded, only formal evidence of arrest having been given. Now he found a well-known criminal lawyer prosecuting him, and, instead of a trumped-up charge soon to be dismissed, he found overwhelming evidence against him.

First of all Edwin Boote had given evidence that in checking the books he had noticed discrepancies, and reported the fact to the senior partner. Mr. Richardson had thought at first that they were due to carelessness, but by the Friday morning full investigation had been made, and it was found that his firm had been robbed of two hundred pounds.

Then, apparently owing to Boote's cleverness, the Italian newsagent, who accepted "letters addressed here," had been traced, and when the man who Don had never seen before gave his evidence, the young

fellow saw what a serious case there was against him and how cleverly his enemy had worked.

The man declared that he knew Murray, and that he had called for letters there. A clerk from the office of the bookmaker deposed to a man named Donald Murray opening an account with them, losing twenty-five pounds and then winning a hundred pounds. The bookmaker had sent a cheque for seventy-five pounds, then Murray had lost a considerable sum and failed to pay.

"Have you ever seen me before?" demanded Don. "No," said the clerk; "we see very few of our clients. Our business is conducted entirely by letters, telegrams and telephone."

The prosecuting counsel turned to the magistrate.

"I have, I believe, the letter written by the prisoner stating that he wished to open an account?" he said.

"May I see it?" asked Don eagerly.

"Let the prisoner see it," said the magistrate, and the letter was passed to the man in the dock.

Don glanced at it, drew in his breath sharply, and handed it back.

"That is not my writing," he said quietly; "it is a palpable forgery."

And someone in the court tittered derisively.

With such a weight of evidence there would be only one result. The prosecution asked for a remand in order to complete their case, and Donald Murray, reserving his defence in the hope of being able to find some solicitor to help him, was remanded for a week.

There was no one to offer bail for him, and even if there had been the probability is that it would not have been granted, so he left the dock to spend a week in a prison-cell and to meditate on the folly of underestimating the strength of one's opponent and how black things looked against him.

CHAPTER X.

When Rogues Fall Out.

THE day after Donald Murray had been remanded at the Guildhall, Mr. Henry Boote left the office of Messrs. Vinter & Branderton an hour before his usual time, and, hailing a taxi, gave an address in Jermyn Street.

Sitting back, he gazed complacently round him for a moment, and then half-closed his eyes, evidently in deep thought.

"Is Captain Murray in?" he asked the porter at the doorway of the bachelor chambers.

"I think so, sir," said the man, and a small boy took the visitor up in a lift to the top floor. The captain's man-servant, a discreet, foxy-looking man, who somehow managed to obtain his wages regularly whatever the state of his master's finances, knew Mr. Boote, and, without hesitation, ushered him into the small sitting-room where Captain Murray was seated at tea with an evening paper propped up in front of him.

"Halloa, Boote," he said curtly, as he looked up, "what the dickens do you want?"

Mr. Boote was in no way perturbed.

"A quiet little chat," he said genially, as he pulled a chair towards the table. "May I help myself to a cigar?"

Murray glared at him; then with a shrug of his shoulders he nodded and thrust the paper on one side.

"Now," he said sharply, "I can only give you ten minutes, so you'd better get to business."

"Exactly," said Boote. "The fact is, I need a hundred pounds within the next three days."

Captain Murray sat back in his chair and laughed. "Surely you don't expect to get it from me," he said.

"Pardon me, I do," said Boote, perfectly calmly. "Listen to me, Captain Murray, my son and I have worked this business successfully for you. There can be no doubt that Murray will be sent for trial, and at the trial he will be convicted; but apart from that, we have already accomplished our purpose, whichever way the verdict should go. Chater is convinced that the young fellow has been gambling and then failed to pay his debts of honour. That alone is quite enough for our purpose."

"Have you seen Chater?"

Boote did not miss the eager gleam in the man's dark eyes.

"No," he said, "he called at the office this morning to see Branderton, who is away in Switzerland. I was—er—out at lunch, but he left a message with the clerk that he was going to Lowestoft and that he would write to me from there. That means that I shall receive the instructions which are to make such a great difference to you."

"It may do," said Murray; "but what do you want the money for?"

"The Italian," said Boote readily, "he's cutting up rough. Declares that he must have a hundred pounds or he will give the game away."

"That's a lie," said Captain Murray calmly.

Boote frowned. He had invented the excuse on the spur of the moment, and even as he had given it he realised that it sounded unconvincing.

"You need not believe me unless you choose," he said; "say I'm in a hole and need money, anything you like, but the fact remains that I need it, and, what is more, I'm going to get it."

Henry Boote was angry and he felt that he held

"Managing a Husband," by Miss Wish Wynne, the heroine of "The Great Adventure." See this week's HOME NOTES.

the whip-hand, he did not stop to choose his words.

"You certainly won't get it out of me," said Captain Murray angrily, "for one thing I couldn't get if I wished to, and for another I have no wish. Don't you forget your position, Boote, you've been useful, but now your fate doesn't concern me in the slightest. Remember that you are absolutely at my mercy, I can pay you or not just as I feel disposed."

Boote's face paled slightly.

"You forget the agreement," he said.

"Pooh," said Captain Murray, "it's not worth the paper it's written on. No court of law would uphold it, and you know it."

Boote was on his feet now, his eyes blazing.

"Oh, you think of playing the traitor, do you?" he cried, "you think the agreement is waste paper, do you? Listen to me, my noble captain, and perhaps you'll take a more sensible view. Admitted no court of law would uphold it, what of the police. What of any firm of solicitors who would be glad to prove Donald Murray innocent when they found that he would be a rich man, if I stood in with them and showed up the game? What of James Chater himself?"

Murray was watching him curiously through his half-closed eyes.

"Where you made your great mistake, Boote, was in disclosing to me the details of the plot. No doubt as a father you were proud of your son's ingenuity, but it was foolish to give me the details. You see, should you wish to clear my unfortunate cousin's name, your son will suffer considerable inconvenience."

"All the same I'll bleed you, you hound, I'll make you pay heavier still! I'll make you pay—"

"Even at your son's expense?" said Captain Murray gently.

"Yes," roared Henry Boote, "even if my son had to do five years' penal. I'd get my due from you. Even if I got sentenced myself I'd bring you down with me. The agreement is worthless, is it, Captain Murray? Not worth the paper it's written on? We'll see what it's worth; but by Heaven it will be good enough to send you to prison along with me?"

The sneer left Murray's lips.

"You won't bluff me, Boote," he said, though there was a trace of anxiety in his voice.

Boote walked towards the telephone without a word. Murray was after him and caught him by the arm.

"What are you going to do?" he asked hoarsely.

"I'm going to ring up Scotland Yard," said Boote excitedly, his face flushed and his breath coming quickly. "I'm going to turn King's Evidence, and be hanged to you and to Edwin, too!"

With a quick movement, Murray seized a revolver from his desk just as Boote rang the bell.

"Four double O City," said Boote.

The revolver was placed at his head, but even with the cold touch of steel at his forehead he did not flinch.

"I'll shoot," hissed Murray, "by Heaven I'll shoot you if you speak."

"You haven't enough pluck to be a murderer," said Boote calmly. "Hulloa! is that Scotland Yard? Hold on a moment."

Holding the receiver in his hand he turned to Murray.

"What is it to be?" he demanded.

For a moment it seemed that Murray in his baffled rage would fire regardless of the consequences, his finger was on the trigger, but Boote, if a scoundrel, had pluck, and he faced him unflinchingly.

"Three people know I am here," he said in a perfectly level voice, "what is it to be?"

The revolver dropped.

"Curse you, I'll pay!" growled Captain Murray.

"Hulloa!" called Boote. "Will you put me on to the Lost Property Office, please. What? Different department; oh, I'm sorry, 1720 City? Thanks. Ring off, please."

"Now, Captain Murray, we'll talk business," he said, turning from the instrument on the wall.

CHAPTER XI.

As Fate Decried.

JAMES CHATER sat in the first-class dining-car of the Lowestoft express, but the well-served lunch was wasted on him, for he scarcely touched the courses that were brought to him, and it was only when the coffee and cigar stage arrived that he seemed capable of thinking.

"It is well that I have found him out!" he said, but even as he spoke he felt that it was far from well.

During his visits to his nephew he had become genuinely attached to him and felt certain that here was a man who would not squander money, but spend it wisely. He had decided that Donald Murray was one of the few men whom money would not spoil. The news of his arrest staggered him, and he hurried to

London to be present at the police-court proceedings on the Monday.

With regard to the embezzlement charge he had an open mind. He had not liked the way Edwin Boote had given his evidence, and it had struck him immediately how easy it would be for Boote to lay the blame on an innocent man, should he himself have taken the money.

But on the question of the dealings with the book-maker he had no doubt, and that was why James Chater, leaving the nephew of whom he had expected such great things, travelled to Lowestoft sick at heart and making no attempt to defend the young fellow for whom he had intended doing so much.

"There's a woman in the case," he said. "I'll swear that some woman has come into his life since I saw him last, and has changed him from a straight, manly young fellow into a wastrel. I expect he's ruined his career for the sake of some painted, heartless hussy, who will forget him at once and be on with a new love now that he is in prison!"

He sat back frowning as the train glided through Suffolk. He had undertaken the journey on a sudden impulse, and now that he was nearly at the end of it he began to think that he might just as well have stopped at home. A bachelor himself, he had, in the main, a poor regard for women, and on coming to the conclusion that his nephew had stolen and gambled for the sake of a woman, he had decided to go to Lowestoft where the young fellow had been arrested, and to try to trace her.



The revolver was placed at Boote's head, but even with the cold touch of steel at his forehead he did not flinch. "I'll shoot!" hissed Murray, "by Heaven I'll shoot if you speak!"

"By Heavens, if I do find her I'll make her sorry she crossed my path," he said, bringing his fist down heavily upon his knee. "I'll make her sorry she has spoiled the thing I so looked forward to, I'll crush her; I'll bring her down in the dust. I'll hear her crying for mercy, and torture her more!"

The millionaire's eyes gleamed, and his lips were set tightly. He had, in his cold way, almost loved Donald Murray, and his downfall had been a bitter blow to him. The dining-car attendant, approaching with his bill, saw the knitted eyebrows and tight lips.

"He's up against some one," he said to himself, "and I'm hanged if I'd like to be the one he's up against when the day of reckoning comes!"

Doris Crawford sat among the sand dunes of the north beach, her hands clasped over her knees staring out across the sea. By her side sat her mother industriously knitting and wondering at the sudden change in the girl.

"Don't you like your book, my dear?" she asked.

Doris turned with a start.

"Book? Oh, yes, mother, it's very nice, but I don't feel like reading now. You see, we've only got three more days, and I feel I want to spend every minute watching the sea and—and—" She broke off, laughing nervously. "Look at that excursion steamer crossing, coming in from Yarmouth. Isn't it packed?"

Mrs. Crawford glanced at it, remarked that she was glad that she was safely on shore, and then, seeing that

her daughter was disinclined for conversation, went on with her knitting, thinking that it was the idea of returning to the dismal lodgings in Dalston that made her daughter so quiet, and occasioned the sad, troubled expression in her eyes.

But Doris, as she sat on the beach, rather longed for, than dreaded, the return to London. Lowestoft had lost all its joys for her now. She had been miserable ever since she had met Don with the detective, and the newspaper reports of the police-court proceedings had confirmed her worst fears.

That Edwin Boote was at the bottom of it she was convinced, but, young and inexperienced as she was, she saw the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of proving it. The plot had been so cleverly worked that she saw ninety-nine out of a hundred people would believe the young fellow guilty when, in due course, he was committed to stand his trial.

And what could she do?

She had decided to see Mr. Richardson as soon as she got back, and tell him how Don Murray had rescued her from young Boote and of the little cad's persecution of them ever after it; but in her heart she felt that it would be little use. Boote would deny it; she would probably lose her situation, and Don would be no better off.

But, come what might, she was going to do it, and she was going to Scotland Yard to try to see the detective who had arrested Donald, and endeavour to enlist his help. At all costs, Don must be cleared, if it was humanly possible.

"Doris dear, isn't it time we went home to dinner? You mustn't forget that you have to go to Miss Merritt's this afternoon."

"All right, mother!" said the girl listlessly, and, rising to her feet, she helped her mother up, and they walked slowly back to their lodgings.

"A boy brought a message for you, miss," said the servant, who brought her in her dinner.

"Miss Merritt says will you be round there sharp at two, 'cos she's got some important work for you?"

Doris thanked the girl. It was a quarter-past one, so she would just have time to get her meal and hurry round to the typewriting office, and as she ate her dinner she wondered what the important work was. At necessitated her being at the office half an hour earlier than usual.

Miss Merritt—a bustling little woman, with bird-like eyes that peered at one through steel-framed spectacles—almost embraced her as she entered.

"Oh, Doris, I'm so glad you've come!" she cried. "This morning one of the page-boys from the Majestic Hotel came round and said that a Mr. James Chater wanted an expert shorthand typist to go round there this afternoon. He's the American millionaire, you know, and I'm sure I should be so nervous that—"

"Well, don't make me nervous," said Doris, with a faint smile. "I expect he'll be fearfully fussy and dictate at a terrific rate; but I'll do my best to please him."

"Oh, I'm sure you will, dear!" said Miss Merritt. "Here's a notebook, dear, and be sure to leave him one of my cards, so that in case he wants— But, there, I shall be losing you soon, and I don't know what I—"

"I must hurry!" said Doris, and, taking the notebook, she went out and walked rapidly towards the Majestic Hotel, the palatial new building, on the top of the cliffs.

She felt a little nervous as she entered the vestibule filled with well-dressed men and women, who had just lunched, and were discussing programmes for the afternoon.

"Is Mr. Chater in, please?" she asked the porter.

"Are you the young person from the typewriting office?"

"Yes," said Doris; and a page was summoned to take her to the millionaire's suite of rooms on the first floor. He tapped at the door, went in, and then came out telling the girl to enter.

James Chater was seated at a writing-table with a pile of papers spread out before him; he just glanced up as she entered, and then wheeled round in his chair.

"Sit down!" he said curtly. "We'll get to work at once."

Doris noted that he was a hard-featured, rather handsome man, with iron-grey hair, but it seemed to her that he was in a very bad temper, and she rather dreaded the ordeal before her; but in a more kindly tone he told her to tell him if he went too fast, and then began to dictate a number of short, decisive business letters, matters involving thousands of pounds being dealt with in a few words.

At last the pile of correspondence was finished, and Doris half rose from her chair.

"Wait a moment," said Chater, picking up a small sheet of paper on which he had scribbled several notes. He seemed to find some difficulty in beginning, and the girl noticed quite a change in his voice when he spoke to her again.

"This is a private letter, I had thought of writing it, but my handwriting is very difficult to read, and I

wish this letter to be perfectly clear. I take it you are to be trusted to treat as confidential anything I dictate to you."

Doris flushed. "I should not dream of breathing a word of your concerns," she said heatedly. "Your affairs are nothing to do with me."

"I did not mean to be offensive," said Chater. "Now, please direct the letter to Henry Boote, Esq., Messrs. Vinter & Branderton, solicitors, Bedford Row, London."

Doris started at the name of Boote. It was a strange coincidence, she thought.

"Dear, sir," resumed Chater, twisting the paper between his big, strong fingers, "I understand that Mr. Branderton is away, so I am writing to you to act for me in a personal matter of some importance—importance."

He sat silent for a moment.

"I wish you to retain the best counsel you can obtain on behalf of my unfortunate nephew. I wish him to have every opportunity at the trial, but I am convinced as to the result, and in any case Donald Murray has forfeited any—"

"Donald Murray!"

Dora, white to the lips, was on her feet; the notebook and pencil fell to the floor, and she regarded the millionaire eagerly, her bosom heaving.

"What do you know of Donald Murray?"

The question came sharply, like the crack of a whip.

"I—I work with him in the same office; at least, I did. I— Oh, I can't explain, but—"

She broke off with a little cry of pain, for the millionaire's hand had shot out and seized her wrist in a vice-like grip. The veins on his forehead stood out like cords, and his eyes blazed.

"So I've found you, have I?" he said hoarsely.

"Now, no fainting nor fooling! I've got you, and I'm going to get at the truth!"

Doris struggled to free herself.

"Mr. Chater, are you mad?" she gasped. "Don't—"

"Don is ruined, and Don has broken my heart," said Chater in a hoarse, whispering voice. "Are you the woman who has ruined him? The woman with whom I'm going to settle a heavy account!"

(To be concluded.)

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

ALTHOUGH the holiday season is now over, the F.A.F. subscription lists remain open to help along next year's work. Below you will find a list of recent subscriptions:

Amounts previously acknowledged, £4,880 10s. 10d.

G. Byers, £8 2s.; J. H. Bakewell, £2; A. S. Haynes, £2; Conscience, 10s. 6d.; M. E. B., 1s. 6d.; P. M., 2s. 6d.; C. P., 9d.; Anon., 9d.; Aunt Ann, 5s.; M. C., 1d.; M. Thomson, £1; In Memory of Stan, 3s.; C. W. Knighton, 5s.; G. L. Y. N., 2s. 6d.; A. Thankoffering, 1s. 6d.; J. D., 1s. 6d.; Dolly, 9d.; E. L. C., 1s. 6d.; Vulcan, 2s.; A. Sympathiser, 9d.; Ralph Pickett, 1s. 6d.; A. Finlay, 1s. 6d.; J. McDonald, 10s.; Anon., 9d.; W. R. T., 5s.; M. P. R., 9d.; F. B., 6s.; Stamps, 1s. 6d.; Blank V., 1s.; Jack and Jill Hodson, 3s.; Norah Pulling, 9d.; Mr. and Mrs. Weston, £1 1s.; A. Sympathiser, 10s.; S. R. Daniels, £1; Lois and Phyllis, 9d.; F. Hamburg, 2s. 6d.; M. Macartney, 2s. 1d.; The Misses Routh, 1s. 6d.; J. W. Reason, 1s.; Scotty, 9d.; S. W., 9d.; S. E., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Parker and Mr. Williams, £2; D. K., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Jessie, 1s. 6d.; S. G. W., 5s.; J. C., 9d.; W. R., 9d.; J. Stubbs, 5s.; E. Arkwright, £2; L. K. and K. C. G., £2; Anon., 2s. 6d.; F. Cruxton, 9d.; W. V., 9d.; E. Sleeman, 9d.; F. M. Reader, 1s. 6d.; B. W., 7s. 6d.; Grateful, 3s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; A. Belfish, Beggar, 2s.; An Englishman in Germany, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Rigg, 9d.; G. Griffin, 9d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. W. A. H., 9d.; A. L. Ridger, 1s. 6d.; Halfpence, 4s. 6d.; Newton N. Z., £1; Eric, 1s. 6d.; K. Farlow, 4s. 6d.; A. P., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; W. Oakes, 1s.; J. McC., 5s.; Mrs. Hermann J. Donner, £3; Miss Finch, 10s.; A. Friend, 3s.; Growler, 1s. 6d.; T. W. A., 2s. 6d.; Stamps, 9d.; Faith, 1s.; E. T. and Mary, 5s.; Mrs. Ballard, 2s. 3d.; Lion's Head, 2s. 3d.; Evelyn, 3s.; George Leopard, 2s. 6d.; A. Greenwood, 1s. 6d.; A. Andrews, 9d.; Miss Bishop, 10s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; A. Underhill, 2s. 6d.; Cross, 2s. 6d.; E. Holt, 3s.; M. Lewis, 9d.; Miss Horsfall, 3s.; M. M., 1s. 6d.; W. A. H., 6d.; Patrick, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; Mrs. P., Doris, and Pops, 3s.; Anon., 9d.; A Poor Boy, 9d.; Dalkey, 2s. 6d.

COLLECTED.—Capt., Officers, and Ships' Companies of H.M.S. Cormorant, H.M.S. Rapid, and Gibraltar Torpedo Boat Flotilla, per J. Ratcliffe, £15 12s.; Officers and Engineers of a.s. Glealee, 10s.; Messrs. Elliott & Co. Employees, per C. Boote, 3s. 9d.; Abbotsford, per J. Flynn, 8s.; The Column Post Office, 6s. 9d.; T. Nichols Thomas, £4 7s.; The Blackpool Tower Company, £2; Miss A. Almond, 11s.; M. Div., C.T.O., per M. H., 1s. 6d.; The Boys, 1s. 6d.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £4,742 9s. 2d.

Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper.

"I HAVE invented a new chair for the theatre."

"Well, what is its particular merit?"

"Oh, you just touch a button, and it sinks through the floor to the smoking-room below."

"For whom is it intended?"

"The fellow who leaves his seat in the middle of a row at the end of each act."

The World's Best Stories

That Obliging Boy.

WHEN Professor Vambery, the famous Orientalist, whose death occurred recently, arrived at Sandringham on a visit, he received a message that Queen Alexandra wanted to see him.

He decided to wash his hands first, so he went to his room and rang the bell to ask for some hot water. No one came, though he rang the bell repeatedly.

Then there came a knock at the door and a youth entered. "Do you want anything, Professor?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the Professor, "I have been ringing for some hot water."

"Wait a moment, and I'll get you some," was the obliging reply. The boy disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a large jug of hot water, which he placed on the washstand. The Professor thanked him, and he withdrew.

After he had washed, the Professor descended to pay his respects to his Royal hostess, but after a few minutes' conversation he was surprised to see his "hot-water" boy come up to the group.

"Ah, Professor," Queen Alexandra remarked, introducing the boy, "this is my son!"

After that the Professor nicknamed the boy, who is now King George V., "The Royal Jug-Bearer."

A Hopeless Job.

MR. GORDON LE SUEUR in his new book on South Africa tells an excellent story about Cecil Rhodes.

Rhodes was very careless in the matter of dress. On one occasion an old and favourite coat of his was sent to be cleaned and mended. Soon after it came back just as it had been sent, together with this note from the cleaners:

"Dear Sir,—Herewith the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes' coat, uncleared and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons!"

Solving the Difficulty.

THERE is another story told in connection with the formation of the great diamond trust.

Rhodes wanted some weeks to complete his arrangements, but Barney Barnato wanted to hustle Rhodes into going on with the scheme at once. Barnato had a large stock of diamonds sorted for the market—and anybody who knows about diamonds is aware of the number of classes into which the stones have to be sorted—and he threatened to put them on the market at once unless his terms were agreed to.

Rhodes, Barnato, and Alfred Beit had a meeting at which to discuss the situation, and Barnato, with a complacent smile, laid out his little heaps of precious stones on a side-table. In the midst of the discussion Rhodes led Barnato up to the side-table.

"Barney," he said, "have you ever seen a bucketful of diamonds?"

Barnato, off his guard, said he hadn't, and Rhodes went on: "Well, if these diamonds fill a bucket I'll take them all over from you at your price." Then, without giving Barnato time to answer, Rhodes swept the heaps pell-mell into a bucket standing near.

The stones, as Rhodes expected, did not fill it, but they were all mixed up again, and the re-sorting of them, which would take some weeks, would give him time to complete his arrangements.

With a triumphant grin Rhodes marched from the room, having gained his point.

A Saying Come True.

THE discovery that Scottish banknotes have actually been forged within the walls of Peterhead Convict Prison recalls an amusing incident.

Unlike the notes of the Bank of England (which are destroyed as soon as they find their way back to the bank), notes on Scottish banks are put in circulation again and again. The result is that some of these notes get very, very dirty, the one-pound notes getting particularly grubby and worn in the course of their travels.

An English gentleman who was once given a sheaf of these notes in payment of a large amount, regarded them with horror for a few seconds,

holding them delicately between his thumb and finger.

"Now," he said, holding them at arm's length, "now I understand the meaning of that saying about 'filthy lucre.'"

Their Mistake.

THE statue of King George the Third near Trafalgar Square has been cleaned recently, and in connection with this a funny story is being told.

A week or two before the cleaning two American tourists paused in front of the statue and stared in surprise at its soot-blackened visage.

"Sure it can't be," said one. "I know those Britishers ain't so particular as we are, but I shouldn't have thought they'd have made one a general. He's got a cocked hat all right."

"Well, it do surprise me, too," agreed the other.

The first tourist stopped a passer-by to ask if he could tell them who the statue was meant to represent. "It's King George the Third," was the reply.

The tourists looked at each other in blank astonishment.

"Say, boss," exclaimed one, "we thought it was a nigger general!"

Laughed Till He Cried.

VERY many people will regret to hear that Happy Fanny Fields intends to retire from the stage; in fact, she is making her last appearances during October, and she will then leave for the States to be married.

In connection with Miss Fields' "Jolly Dutch Girl" turn there is an odd little story told of a man whose wife had gone on a long sea voyage. They had only recently been married, and the poor husband was very lonely and took his wife's departure very much to heart. A friend chaffed him mildly about his perpetual air of gloom.

"I haven't seen you laugh all this week," he said. "Go and see Happy Fanny Fields. She's on at the theatre just now. She'll make you laugh and cheer you up tremendously."

The gloomy man said he would go, and he did, but next day his friend met him looking gloomier than ever.

"Oh, come, old man," his friend exclaimed. "You can't go on like this. Why didn't you take my advice last night?"

"I did," said the man sadly.

"You did!" exclaimed the other. "Then what are you looking so miserable about this morning. Didn't Happy Fanny Fields make you laugh?"

"Oh, yes; at first she made me laugh very heartily," replied the sad man with a profound sigh; "but then I began to think how my dear wife would have enjoyed it, and I cried all the rest of the time!"

Just a Few.

HERE is a story that was heard during the interval at a Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall the other evening.

A concert agent had sent to the printer the programme for a big concert he was organising. At the last moment a very great personage died. The programme was already in type and the proofs passed, but as soon as the news reached him the agent decided that Chopin's "Funeral March" must be included as a sign of respect among the items performed by the orchestra.

He telephoned to the printer to ask him to make the addition. "I want you to add one more item," said the agent. "Can you manage it?"

The printer said he would try. "What do you want me to add?" he said. "Not much, I hope."

"No, no, not much," said the agent. "I only want you to put in at the beginning of the programme 'Funeral March by Chopin.' And he carefully spelt Chopin so that there should be no mistake."

"All right," replied the printer; "I think we can just manage it."

The agent heaved a sigh of relief, but when a copy of the programme was thrust into his hands on the night of the concert his hair stood on end. His message, it appeared, had got a bit added over the telephone, and at the beginning of the programme the horrified agent discovered that the printer had made the concert open with:

"A few remarks by Chopin!"

Mr. Marc McDermott, the famous picture actor, relates his experiences in this week's HOME NOTES.

Britain's One Man Jobs

There Was Only One Royal Whipping-boy. He Took the Place of Princes Needing Corporal Punishment.

MANY curious old Court appointments have been abolished, but there are still several very quaint posts about the throne.

There is, for instance, a Marshal of the Gentle Archers. He is the commander of a company of Scottish archers who have the right of acting as the King's bodyguard when he is in Scotland. Their uniform is the ancient archers' colour—Lincoln green. They practise in an Edinburgh public park.

There is a King's Verderer for the Forest of Dean. This is probably the most ancient of all Court appointments. A "verderer" is a sort of gamekeeper in charge of deer, and the office dates from early Norman times, when the hunting of deer was the favourite royal sport. The holder of this office is elected at a special Court presided over by the Lord High Sheriff of Gloucester.

It is only a few years since King Edward VII. abolished the offices of King's Ale-taster and Royal Rat-catcher. The Royal Rat-catcher had a handsome salary of £250 a year, with allowances for the upkeep of his dogs and ferrets. This latter

office dated from the time of Charles II. There is still a Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. Any M.P. can have the post for the asking. In fact, he is compelled to ask for it if he wants to resign his office, as in theory no M.P. can resign except on accepting "an office of profit" under the Crown. The profit is exactly £1 a year, and, as far as is known, no M.P. has ever touched that sovereign, as the first thing a retiring M.P. does after obtaining the office is to resign it. The office dates from the days when the Chiltern district (in Bucks) swarmed with outlaws.

It is not many years since the high-sounding post of Uncorker of Ocean Bottles was abolished. News travelled slowly in Queen Elizabeth's time, and the first news she had of the taking of Nova Zembla by the Dutch was found in a bottle picked up by a Deal fisherman named Tonfield, who forwarded the message to the Lord High Admiral.

Queen Elizabeth was struck with the idea, and decreed that all bottles with inclosures found on the coast should be forwarded to the Lord High Admiral, Tonfield being appointed Uncorker. The post survived for centuries.

Youthful Royalties must at times regret the abolition of the post of Royal Whipping-boy, whose duties were to act as deputy for naughty princes when corporal punishment became advisable.

Why Bacon is so Dear

The Sizzling Rasher is Quickly Vanishing from the Breakfast Table.

FOR the last four years bacon has steadily risen in price, and now it is so dear that many people have been forced to give up the sizzling breakfast rasher and be content with something cheaper.

One of the chief causes why the housewife now has to pay through the nose for pig's trotters, pork, bacon, and so on, is that British farmers have almost given up rearing pigs.

Mr. Stephen, at the Meat Trades Federation meeting recently, said they had been treating swine fever for over twenty-five years by wholesale slaughter. The public were suffering in the high price for bacon paid to-day, and they had a right to demand some saner treatment of the disease.

When bacon was cheap, pigs—British pigs—didn't pay, and the great majority of our breakfast rashers came from Canada, America, and Denmark.

Now the Canadian and American farmers have found out that there is more money in growing wheat, and many of them have stopped rearing porkers. That has decreased our supply from these two countries, and has naturally sent up prices.

Another cause is that there has been a scarcity of pig-meal and various pig foods, with the result that those farmers abroad who still stick to pig-

rearing have not reared so many of the animals, because they cannot afford to feed them. That has further decreased the supply of bacon. Finally, the strictness of the orders relating to swine fever in this country and the heavy railway rates have handicapped the British farmer to such an extent that he fears to start pig-rearing again. It would pay a farmer to rear pigs as long as the present high prices rule, but when these prices drop the farmer's profits rapidly come down almost to vanishing point.

The British farmer could make pigs pay, even when bacon is at its cheapest, if he were not so conservative. In Denmark, the rearing of pigs is carried out strictly on scientific lines, and farmer's sons out there are all carefully trained in new ideas.

The British farmer, on the contrary, sticks to the old-fashioned methods as long as he can. A short time ago, for instance, a North of England firm, who make a speciality of making food for pigs and poultry from prepared fish, asked a number of British farmers to give the food a trial.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "It will taint the meat! It would never do to use fish."

As a matter of fact, farmers in America, Germany, and other countries upon which we depend for our bacon and pork, extensively use fish food for pigs.

You'd Love to Sweep These Floors

The Gold Recovered from a Dentist's Floor Which He Had Taken Up Realised £70.

If gold is one of the rarest and most valuable metals it is also one of the most widely diffused. We all handle gold. We have it in our purses as money, round our fingers, wrists, or necks, as rings, bracelets or necklets, and we wear it in our mouths as fillings for our teeth.

The amount of gold used by dentists is very considerable, and even dentists have no idea of how much goes to waste in the workshops where they make plates and the like. Some little time ago a Cheltenham dentist was moving house. A friend, standing in his dismantled workshop, which was in the basement of the house, remarked that there must be a good deal of gold in the floor.

The dentist thought it over and decided to take the floor up. He made a profit of £70 after paying expenses from the tiny particles of gold recovered from that floor.

Which calls to mind a case that happened in Melbourne. A contractor demolishing an old house at the rear of the Bank of Australasia came across a small piece of pure gold. This bullion had not strayed from the strong room of the Bank. Inquiries proved to the contractor that the place in which it was found was the site of the old smelting

house of the Bank in the great gold boom days. He commenced prospecting operations, and washed up about £300 worth of fine gold, mostly in the form of dust.

If you watch a rag-picker at work you will notice that he puts aside a certain amount of apparently valueless broken china. Examine these, and you find that they are ornamented with gilt lines and figures. The film of gold is very thin, yet it is worth recovering. Mary Jane is putting money into somebody's pocket when she smashes a gold ornamented plate.

It need hardly be said that at every Mint, including our own on Tower Hill, there is a periodical spring clean. A very thorough one, for the dust, rubbish, and soot contain enough gold and silver to make the process a very profitable one.

Jewellers, too, keep all their old crucibles, which are eventually broken up and put through a process which reclaims the very considerable amount of precious metal which has worked into their substance. A great deal of silver is wasted in factories where silver plate is made. The hammering process turns the silver into dust. It has actually been found worth while to save the water in which the workmen wash before leaving, and recover from it the black sediment which is largely pure silver.

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HERNE BAY'S HUGE FISHES.

Anglers Need Not Leave Britain in Search of Real Fishing. Fish that Fight Like Fiends Can, for Instance, be Caught Off Herne Bay.

WHEN a rich man gets bored with fishing for salmon in British rivers he packs up his traps and makes for Florida where, in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, swims the lordly tarpon. Or he may go further still and visit the California coast, where dwell the leaping tuna and the gigantic sea bass.

Either of these expeditions runs him into hundreds of pounds; yet, if they only knew it, sea anglers can get almost as good sport off our own coasts for a small fraction of the sum that it costs to travel across the Atlantic.

Only a short time ago, for instance, a Norfolk angler, fishing in the River Delph, hooked a sturgeon weighing 439 lb.

The fish was just under 10 feet long, five men had to assist to land it, and to kill it a charge of swan-shot was fired into its gills.

The size of this enormous fish can be better gauged when one realises that nearly 1,000 people could make a meal from it.

Of course, in British waters, we haven't the tuna, but we have the "tope." And "tope" is no bad substitute for the more celebrated tarpon or tuna. What is more, you need go no further than Herne Bay in your search for tope.

The tope, or blue hornless dogfish, is not beautiful, but he is big and strong and fights like a fiend. Tarpon tackle with a large single hook attached to a length of brass chain is necessary, and the bait is a whole whiting.

Something Like a Halibut.

A 40 lb tope will give you half an hour of the best sport imaginable, and your shoulders will be aching properly before you bring the monster to the gaff.

Not long ago an angler fishing in Herne Bay brought in two and a half brace of tope. Their weights were 49 lb., 48 lb., 31 lb., 30 lb., and 26 lb., a pretty little total of 184 lb. weight of fish. During the same day this fisherman hooked five others. Two were so big that they broke the line, and three more got off the hook before they could be brought within reach of the gaff.

But tope are by no means the biggest of British sea fish. Off Ballycotton, Co. Cork, Mr. J. N. Hearn has recently caught a halibut weighing no less than 135 lb. He was using a rod at the time, and this fish is believed to be the largest ever caught with rod and line in British waters.

It is not, however, the largest ever hooked. Two summers ago, Captain Radcliffe, fishing with a salmon rod, hooked in the River Frome a sturgeon which was over 9 feet long and weighed over 200 lb. The strain was so tremendous that he and his brother took turns in holding the rod. But at last, in rolling over, the huge brute smashed the line.

A 66 lb. Cod at Grimsby.

Nets were procured, and the fish was landed by means of these.

Two hundred pounds is, however, no size at all for a sturgeon. Five years ago, there was on view at the Central Fish Market, Farringdon Street, a sturgeon 10 feet 4 inches in length and weighing 450 lb. which was landed by a British fishing boat at Grimsby. Another, caught in Morecambe Bay weighed 448 lb., while in March, 1909, a Liverpool Street fishmonger showed a sturgeon 11 feet 4 inches long which turned the scale at 735 lb. Quite a nice catch, for sturgeon flesh sells for a shilling a pound.

Cod may not be precisely a sporting fish, but they run big and pull hard. A cod caught on a line in the North Sea and landed at Grimsby in March, 1908, weighed 66 lb. after being gutted. It must have been well over eighty when caught.

Conger eels are ugly beasts, but they run to a tremendous size, and are no joke to get into a boat. One taken at Snettisham, near Hunstanton, measured 8 feet 8 inches in length, and weighed 148 lb. It was a female. All big congers are females. The males never grow large.

Far away the finest sporting fish found off our shores is the sea bass. Eighteen pounds is about the limit in size, but a bass fights just like a salmon and, like a salmon, will take a fly. For his size there is no sea fish which gives more fun to the angler, and the beauty of it is that bass are found off almost every part of the British coast.

Mems About "Movies"



A Few Chatty Paragraphs Concerning New Films and the People Who Make Them.



Alpine Drama.

A BRITISH company has filmed a drama on Mont Blanc.

In Thibet.

MOVING pictures have even penetrated Thibet, cowboy and battle pictures and knockabout comedies being most popular.

Helping Athletes.

PART of the equipment of the new College of Athletes at Rheims is a film department, where pictures of every athletic movement—running, jumping, throwing, and so on—will be filed away for reference.

"From Manger to Cross."

THE remarkable Kalem religious picture, *From Manger to Cross*, which was actually produced in the Holy Land and Egypt, is still enjoying great popularity all over the country. New copies are now being printed, so that the many theatres who will wish to show it at Christmas-time can be provided for. Thousands of clergymen have witnessed the film, and the majority praise it.

Battle Pictures.

THERE seems to be an epidemic of battle pictures at the moment. Three of the most popular films now showing are entitled respectively: *The Battle of Waterloo*, *The Battle of Gettysburg*, and *The Battle of Elberush Gulch*. Five thousand pounds was paid for the exclusive British rights of the Waterloo picture, and it is being booked out to picture theatres for as much as £200 for one week's hire. Copies of the film have gone to all parts of the world.

The American Dan Leno.

JOHN E. BRENNAN, Kalem's jovial leading comedian, has appeared on the stage in England, and his first-class comedy in this country won him the newspaper description of the "American Dan Leno." Not long ago he played in a picture in which a lion appeared, and during rehearsals he suggested to the producer that a novel effect could be obtained if the producer would ride the lion. "Certainly," the producer answered; "I'll willingly ride him if you'll put on the saddle."

Making Thrills.

It is much more thrilling to make battle pictures than it is to watch them shown, for genuine accidents always happen on the sham battle-field. Those big, cloudy, close-to-camera explosions usually start the casualty list, and the men handling the cannons often add to it. A cannon once burst a few yards from the camera and seriously injured five men. This was in Kalem's *Battle of Paardeburg*. There is the danger, too, of supers firing point blank at each other when separated only by inches. Of course, blank cartridges are used, but they make work for the doctors when fired at close range.

Fatal Accidents.

Two accidents to picture artistes have ended fatally in the last month. The first occurred at Rome, where a professional Spanish bull-fighter, specially brought to Italy by the Cines Company to take part in a torador photoplay, was killed by a maddened bull during rehearsals. The second disaster took place on a Hungarian river, a boat being caught by a whirlpool and overturned. As its four occupants struggled in the water the huge crowd lining the river bank loudly cheered, thinking it all part of the performance. Unfortunately, one of the actresses was really drowned, and the negative of the film has now been confiscated.

The Kaiser—"Picture Fan."

THE German Royal Family are film enthusiasts. The Kaiser presented Princess Victoria Louise, his daughter, with a cinematograph camera, and she has photographed him in every phase of home life. Whilst working at his desk, receiving State visitors, surrounded by his children, and at meals, the Princess has turned the camera upon him and taken pictures, the results being shown in the Kaiser's private theatre at Potsdam. Complete records of Wilhelm's grandson at play have also been made, and, in fact, so keen on pictures is the Kaiser that a picture camera is included amongst his baggage during hunting trips and accompanied him on the recent Army manoeuvres.

40

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"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" OFFICE.

FOR YOU, YOUR MAJESTY.

King Alfonso was Presented with the Skin of a Horse that was Killed when an Attempt was Made on His Life.

MOST Royal personages could fill a small museum with the quaint presents which have been offered to them from time to time by their eccentric, but well-meaning, subjects. Sometimes gifts to Royalty are of a useful and commendable kind—as, for instance, the presents which the British Georges and Marys recently gave to our own King and Queen—but very often the presents given to occupiers of thrones are of the most extraordinary description.

Probably the monarch who is most deluged with gifts from his subjects is the Kaiser. Hardly a week passes but what he is asked to accept various presents. These range from elaborate pieces of jewellery to pamphlets written by cranks with a grievance, and they are nearly always "declined with thanks."

A strange present was given the other day to Prince Oscar, the Kaiser's fifth son, on the occasion of his birthday. It was nothing more nor less than an old railway ticket.

This ticket, however, had an interesting history. A quarter of a century ago, a poor man, who had come to Berlin from the country, happened by chance to be standing in front of the Kaiser's palace at the exact moment when a salute was fired announcing the birth of Prince Oscar.

From a Humble Tanner.

When the man returned home, his return ticket was not collected on the railway, and he kept it as a memento of the occasion. The other day Prince Oscar became twenty-five years old, and the owner of the ticket sent it to him with an explanatory letter as a birthday present. The Prince was much touched at the incident and forwarded the delighted donor a signed photograph of himself.

King Alfonso of Spain has had many curious gifts from his subjects, but perhaps the strangest, certainly the grimmest, was the present offered to him by a Frenchman, a humble tanner, named Lepage.

On one occasion when King Alfonso was driving in Paris an attempt was made to assassinate him by means of bombs. Although his Majesty was luckily unhurt, two horses attached to the Royal carriage were killed.

M. Lepage bought the skins of these animals and made them into a pair of beautiful rugs. These he sent to King Alfonso as a present.

The King wrote back saying that he would be very pleased to have the rugs, as they would be a perpetual reminder to him that the bodies of the poor animals had protected him from the wicked designs of the anarchists.

Postal Orders for the Tsar.

A mystery which has for long baffled the officials at the Russian Embassy in London is still waiting to be cleared up. Once every year for some years a mysterious individual called there and left a small carefully sealed packet. When opened, the packet was found to be addressed to "His Imperial Majesty the Tsar of Russia," and contained postal orders for a substantial amount. With the gift was a note bearing the words, "For a Russian child." The parcel was repacked and sent to the Court Chamberlain at St. Petersburg; but who the anonymous donor was is still a matter for conjecture.

At the time when an heir was born to the Queen of Holland, her majesty was simply inundated with presents from her rejoicing subjects. These presents included a beautiful swing for the child's use; a handsome cradle; a perambulator; a complete toilet set, and a book bound in silver intended to be used as a diary of the Royal baby's life.

The aged Emperor Joseph of Austria, who is extremely popular with his subjects, frequently receives the oddest gifts from poor people. Especially is this the case at Christmas time, and, unlike many other monarchs, the Emperor usually accepts what is offered to him.

His Christmas presents from his people include Christmas trees; poems written in his praise; umbrellas; shooting boots; vegetables, and even sausages. On one occasion a poor peasant, unable to give much, forwarded to the Imperial palace a single pair of coarse stockings. Although the Emperor accepted this curious gift in the spirit in which it was given, it is safe to assert that the stockings were never seen on the Imperial legs.

SUNDERLAND LOATHES STAIRS.

Different Towns Have Different Fancies in Houses.

No two towns in the kingdom look exactly alike. It is sometimes difficult for a casual visitor to say why. But an experienced builder could tell you.

In Newcastle-on-Tyne, for instance, and the other Tyneside towns, there are whole miles of streets of a type of house that is found nowhere else in the kingdom. It is the "Newcastle flat," also called the "cottage flat." There are only two "Newcastle flats" to a house, and the peculiarity of these little two-floored houses is that each flat is entirely self-contained, with its own staircase and front door, and its own way out at the back.

Newcastle's near neighbour, Sunderland, has a very different taste in houses. Sunderland has a great liking for one-storey cottages. These are not uncommon in colliery villages, but Sunderland is the only big city which has this taste. These cottages with no upper storey give Sunderland suburban streets a curiously low and flat appearance.

Lancashire, too, has its typical house. It is a two-floored house with two or three bedrooms on the upper floor, and on the ground floor two kitchens, a front and a back one. The back one is used as a scullery. The front one is used as a living-room. Hundreds of thousands of even prosperous Lancashire artisans and clerks prefer to have a comfortable kitchen as the best room in the house. Throughout the rest of the kingdom people prefer real sitting-rooms. So this type of house is quite unknown out of Lancashire and Cheshire.

Back-to-Back Houses in Yorkshire.

Yorkshire's pet small house is the "back-to-back"—a type of house all housing reformers loathe.

Instead of having a free air space at the back as all houses should, these back-to-back houses have their back doors facing one another, and free circulation of air through the house being impossible even where all the doors are open, stagnant and impure air collects.

All the big Yorkshire cities have these "back-to-backs" in thousands, except Hull, but municipal authorities are beginning to forbid the building of any more. They are almost unknown outside the large Yorkshire towns.

Merthyr Tydfil has, according to a Board of Trade report, one little fad of its own about houses. Most of the small houses there have a bedroom on the ground floor, a custom almost unheard of elsewhere.

The sort of house that is commonest in suburban streets all over the Midlands and the south and east of England is what architects call the "back addition." The only point that would strike a northern housewife as being unlike home is the fact that the scullery is built on to the back of the house, sticking out into the yard. This gives the house its name. The "back addition" is very rare north of the Midlands.

Sandy Specialises in Flats.

It was a Board of Trade investigator who recently made the remark that it ought to be possible for a man who knew England well to tell what town he happened to be in simply by strolling through a few of the streets of the sort the average man lives in.

Houses are very different in Scotland. There the average man—workman, clerk, or shop assistant—lives in huge blocks of flats. Streets of small houses are rare in Scottish cities. The rooms have very much loftier ceilings than those in the average small English house, and these flats are often supplied with an arrangement that would make an English housewife gasp. The "bed-closet," as it is called, is a tiny windowless room exactly large enough to hold a bedstead, opening out of a larger room. The bedstead is, of course, a permanency, and is one of the landlord's fixtures.

Another big difference is that Scottish houses are of stone, while the average English house, except for a big tract in Yorkshire, is of brick. A railway journey across the border shows the difference the very moment the boundary line is crossed.

Picture Pans

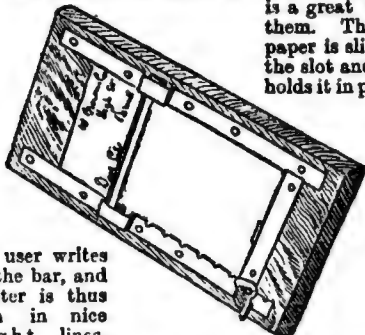
We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

WRITING-DESK FOR BAD EYESIGHT.

Those who have the misfortune to be partially blind are badly handicapped in many ways, but in no manner so severely as in correspondence.

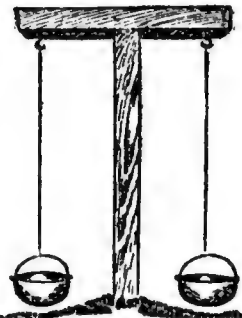
The little contrivance shown in the sketch, however, is a great help to them. The note-paper is slipped in the slot and a grip holds it in position.



The user writes along the bar, and his letter is thus written in nice straight lines, whereas without this aid it would probably run all over the paper.

The bar is movable, and works on a spring, giving way enough to allow the tails of the long letters to be formed. When one line is finished the bar drops down into another slot.

CLEAN WATER.



The branch of a tree may be used to suspend the drinking-troughs from.

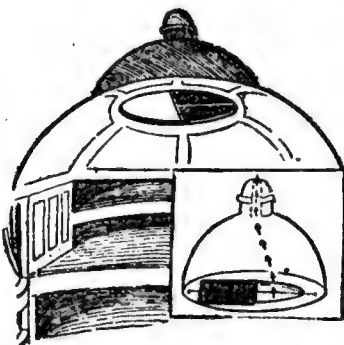
THE illustration shows a device which is used by poultry-farmers for supplying their fowls with clean water.

In the case of the old-fashioned stone troughs much filth and refuse collect at the bottom, which cannot easily be taken out; but the two pans in the new device can easily be tilted in order to be cleaned out, thus insuring a constant supply of wholesome water.

CLEAR THE AIR.

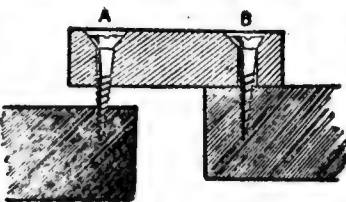
Now that smoking is general in most theatres and music-halls some means have to be taken to ventilate the building so that the air does not become too oppressive.

Most theatres are now fitted with a very large circular hole in the roof over which a sliding pane operates, as shown in the sketch. During the performance this panel is from time to time pulled back, which allows the foul air in the building to rise out, and also allows fresh air to penetrate into the theatre.



A GOOD JOIN RESULTS.

WHEN screwing two pieces of wood together a hole should be bored through the first piece as shown in the sketch, so that the screw will easily pass through except for the head.



In this way a good tight join is made, as shown in sketch B.

If the screw has to be screwed through the first piece, it tightens itself without drawing the two pieces together, as in sketch A.



Mrs. S. F. Gurr,

Bezhill.

BAD LEG

100 Running Sores Healed by ZAM-BUK.

NEARLY LOST HER LEG

"I MUST have had quite 100 ulcers on my left leg before I let Zam-Buk cleanse and heal my disease-covered limb," says Mrs. S. F. Gurr, of 6 Alexandra Road, The Honies, Bezhill, Sussex.

"The ulcers started with little white heads round my left ankle about five years ago. The skin broke and there was a constant discharge of matter. Ulcers kept forming all over my leg from knee to ankle. My leg was terribly sore and weak.

"I tried dozens of remedies—everything I heard of, in fact. A doctor ordered me to bed for three months, but I was no better after the rest. Then for eighteen months I went regularly to the East Sussex Hospital, Hastings, only to be finally told that I should probably have to lose my leg altogether.

"Having heard of another woman whose bad leg had been healed by Zam-Buk, I wrote to her, and as she strongly recommended Zam-Buk, I got a box from the chemist. I soon noticed a change in my leg after beginning with Zam-Buk—the

Pain & Itching Were Soothed

away, and I enjoyed better rest and sleep. As I continued with Zam-Buk, all the proud flesh and inflammation disappeared and the big holes in my leg were cleansed and began to heal up.

"I persevered steadily with Zam-Buk until all the ulcers were healed over with strong new skin and my leg was thoroughly sound again. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for what Zam-Buk has done for me. I am sure nothing else could ever have healed my terrible sores."

Zam-Buk is a complete "break-away" from old-fashioned healing methods, and bears no resemblance whatever to cheap and fatty ointments. Zam-Buk is pure and highly-refined, it has unique and novel soothing and healing powers, it "keeps" indefinitely, and is always reliable in action.

Zam-Buk

Mr. HACHET, bachelor, miser, and pessimist, was in a more pessimistic mood than usual. The fact was he had just received the first notice that the water-rate was due. Not that that was a cause for pessimism, for Mr. Hachet made a point of never paying any rate until the "third and final notice" was sent to him. He objected to paying rates, or, in fact, paying anything that he could help.

But, as luck would have it, the water-rate notice had come with the same post as that for income-tax. Now income-tax positively drove Mr. Hachet mad, for he failed to see why he should contribute one penny to the State. The double demand, therefore, completely spoilt his appetite for breakfast, and when he missed his usual train for town his cup of bitterness was full to overflowing.

He was in no mood for office work, though, as a rule, he worked harder even than his two clerks, whom he slave-drove for all he was worth. Mr. Hachet looked upon work with a certain fierce joy, for the harder he worked the more money he made, and the making and hoarding of money was the sole aim of his existence. But to-day he sat in front of his roll-top desk moodily thinking of the cheques he would shortly have to draw for the tax notices he had received that morning.

He had been sitting about half an hour making a vain pretence of reading the financial columns of his newspaper, when the sound of angry voices in the next room roused him from his thoughts. Usually his two clerks were as silent as mice, but now he could hear their voices—and that of a third person—engaged in a heated argument.

"I tell you I'm going to see Mr. Hachet if I stop here all the morning!" said the strange voice.

"And I tell you that Mr. Hachet won't see you if you stop here the whole blooming week!" mimicked one of the clerks.

What might have happened there is no knowing if Mr. Hachet himself had not appeared at that moment.

"What's the matter?" he inquired sharply. His eye fell on a poorly dressed individual, who returned his glance with a certain air of defiance and determination.

"This—er—gentleman wants to see you," replied one of his clerks.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Hachet.

"Private business, sir," replied the stranger briefly, and then added, looking at the two clerks, "Something I can't tell you in front of everybody."

To Mr. Hachet's eye the man looked a rather superior type of beggar. Beggars, like income-tax people, were pet enemies of his. They both wanted money. Certainly he was not going to give money away, however plausible a story the man might tell. And he intimated his intentions shortly but very plainly to the stranger.

"I'm not a beggar," replied the latter. "I've come to put some money in your way."

Without further to do Mr. Hachet invited the stranger into his private room.

"And you two get on with your work instead of squabbling," was his parting shot to his clerks as he closed the door behind him and turned to the stranger.

"Now, who are you and what do you want?" he said shortly to the latter. He could not get out of his head a vague suspicion that he was going to beg.

"My name's Cole," replied the seedy individual. "I went to your private house yesterday, but the housekeeper refused to listen to me."

Mr. Hachet made a mental note of the fact.

"But I found this address from the directory," continued Mr. Cole.

"Well, what do you want?" interrupted Mr. Hachet.

"I want halves," replied Mr. Cole—"halves in a hidden treasure I've found."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Hachet. "What hidden treasure? And what has it got to do with me?"

"A lot, sir." He hesitated for a moment, and then, suddenly seeming to regain confidence, continued, "You see, it's like this, sir. I happened to pick up an old book on one of the bookstalls in the Farringdon Road, and was glancing through it when I came across a folded paper."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Hachet impatiently. "Go on!"

"As I was saying," continued Mr. Cole deliberately, "I came across a piece of folded paper. On it was written particulars of a bag of gold." He paused for a moment impressively, and added, "a bag of a hundred sovereigns."

Mr. Hachet unconsciously rubbed his hands together, and, leaning forward, looked with renewed interest at the stranger. A moment later he nearly jumped out of his chair.

"It was signed Arabella Hachet," added Mr. Cole. "My aunt," ejaculated Mr. Hachet. "She always was a skinflint."

This opinion was uttered because Mr. Hachet's aunt left him nothing in her will save the house he was now



A Bag of Gold

A Clever Little Tale of Hidden Treasure.
By JOHN LAURENCE.



clear profit to put in the bank. That night he had the pleasantest dreams imaginable.

But Mr. Hachet's dreams would not have been half so pleasant if he could have overheard a conversation between Mr. Cole and his friend, Mr. William Sharp, late that evening, in the latter's back kitchen.

"Mr. Cole was in his shirt-sleeves, sitting in a chair and idly watching his friend as he stood by the fire peering into a small iron pot, in which some yellow metal was bubbling. Over his shoulder Mr. William Sharp kept up a running conversation with Mr. Cole."

"That was a good idea of yours, Jim. It's a marvel wot eddication does for some people. Ten bob each for quids of Sharp's own make ain't so bad. If the old josses 'ad known you'd broken in 'e might 'ave smelt somethin', specially if 'e 'ad anythin' to pinch for you'd 'ave bin sure to 'ave pinched it."

"No fear of that," replied Mr. Cole. "When I spotted that idea of hidden treasure I knew I was on a winner every time. It was money for nothing, so to speak. No fences to give you away, and no chance of being caught trying to pass the stuff."

"Them moulds ready, Jim?" suddenly said Mr. Sharp.

"Right they are."

Quickly the pot was removed from the fire and the yellow metal poured into a dozen plaster moulds on the table. They were remarkably like sovereign moulds!

"Soon 'ave another 'undred ready, Jim. Would'n when ole 'Achert will find 'e's got a lot of wrong 'uns?"

"When he goes to the bank, I expect," replied Mr. Cole.

"Beats me 'ow you found out 'is ole aunt lived there," said Mr. Sharp, as he lighted his pipe.

His friend winked.

"Somerset House," he replied shortly. "And to my nephew, Henry Hachet, I leave nothing, convinced that his grasping greed for money will never find him in the want of it," he quoted. "I found afterwards that he had lived there all his life with his aunt, and he was too mean to pay the expenses of moving when she died."

"GRACIOUS, but it's hot," remarked Mr. Pofften.

"Can't we have some lemonade, dear?"

"I'm sorry," replied the wife, "but it takes all the lemons I can buy to keep my light tan shoes clean."

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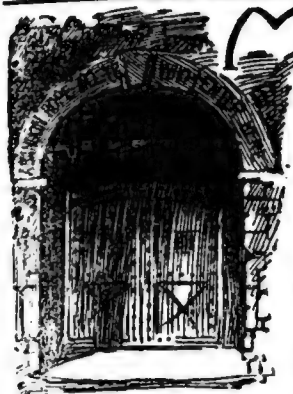
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Memories of a Madhouse

The Recollections of an Asylum Attendant Who was, for Twenty Years, in One of Our Best-known Asylums.

"Some Marvellous Manias."

I WAS sitting at my desk one morning, drawing up my periodical report, when the door of the little office was opened and in walked an elderly patient who was under my charge.

"Well?" I said, turning round and wondering a little at the unexpected visit.

"Excuse me," he began, "but I have a favour to ask."

"All right. Go on."

"I want to ask if you will do me the honour of dining with me this evening."

"Certainly!" I answered, trying hard not to laugh. The poor fellow was one of our most hopeless cases, and as he stood there, nervously fidgeting his cap and looking the picture of blank despair, his request appeared ludicrous in the extreme. I had learned from experience, however, that it was wise to pretend to fall in with any suggestion, no matter how wild.

"Thank you," he said. "I will give the necessary instructions."

To-night I Have to Shoot Myself.

About half an hour later he returned to my room in a state of great agitation.

"I am so very sorry," he said. "But I am afraid I must ask you not to come."

"Oh!" I said, affecting an air of surprise. "Why?"

"I had forgotten all about an important engagement made some time ago. To-night I have to shoot myself. I am a member of a suicide club and my turn has arrived for shuffling off this mortal coil."

"I see," I said, with an appreciative nod. "I quite understand. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand. Tears were in his eyes.

"Farewell," he whispered. "Farewell!"

Next morning I saw him trying to dance a cakewalk on the asphalt outside. He had forgotten, of course, all about the dinner and the suicide club!

One naturally expects to meet unusual people in a lunatic asylum, but, allowing for this, it comes as something of a shock when a burly madman seizes you in a powerful grip and hisses the intimation in your ear that your time has come.

There was such a patient in the institution where I spent my first few years as attendant. He imagined he was the public hangman, and whenever he could get hold of a piece of rope—which was seldom—he set about pinioning someone.

"It's all right," he would whisper to his imaginary victim, "I'll give you a good drop. You'll feel nothing. All over in a minute."

A Mania for Lighting Fires.

Another patient had a mania for lighting fires. This was very handy in the winter time; we found the man exceedingly useful. But during the summer months it was one attendant's work to keep the man from broiling us. The moment he saw the attendant's back turned, off he would race to the storeroom for paper and wood, and flinging them into a fireplace he would say, "A match, quick!" and stand there rubbing his hands.

Meanwhile, the room was already uncomfortably warm with summer sunshine. Other patients were not slow to realise this fact, and several times the fire-lighter would have been roughly handled if we had not been sufficiently near to save him. But no amount of warning or buffeting ever deterred him; the moment we missed him from among the rest we proceeded to the storeroom, and there he was, either rattling the door, if it were locked, or picking up wood and paper.

One of the saddest cases in the asylum for some time was a fine, splendidly built fellow who fancied he was a policeman. He had never actually been in the force, his mental affliction having stood in

his way, poor chap. Though occasionally he was a little troublesome, he was a fine acquisition to the place from the point of view of an attendant, because he could always be relied upon to help in quelling a disturbance, provided we called him officer.

"Officer," I would say. "I wish you'd help me."

"Do you wish to give the man in charge?" he would ask in a pompous voice.

"Yes, most decidedly."

Whereupon he would seize the unruly patient and march him off to a room which we had called a police station to please the "policeman." Returning to the exercise-room he would mingle with the inmates in the way that a constable mingles with the crowd after a street row.

"Pass along!" he would call. "Pass along. Get off home."

Always Made Out His Report.

And then he would sit down to prepare his report. We provided him with notebook and pencil, and, after writing hard for several minutes, he would proceed to the "police station" to hand in the particulars. Nobody could read a word of what he had written; it was a mass of senseless letters, all running into each other, and offering a pathetic indication of the man's insanity.

Sad, too, was the case of an old man whose brain had been turned through the sudden loss of his savings. He refused to eat. When a meal was placed in front of him he would stare hard at it for a few moments and begin to cry.

"I really can't afford it," he would say to me. "I really can't. I've lost all my money—every penny."

"But you ordered it," I said. "You surely don't wish to have the food wasted."

"But I have no money to pay for it, not a cent."

Evidently he thought for the time that he was in a restaurant, and I humoured him.

"We won't trouble about the bill," I said. "You can pay when you like."

"It's very good of you," he said. "But I don't like eating without paying for my food. But what can I do? Lost all my fortune. It's terrible!"

Loss of Money Makes Madmen.

In the end he objected so strenuously to taking his food that we had to feed him by force. He died in the institution, and I for one was not sorry. His future was as black as it could possibly be, for there was no hope of his reason ever returning.

I would like to add here that it might be just as well if people were more careful as to how they invest their savings. In my experience in asylums I have come across quite a number of patients who have been driven mad by unfortunate and unwise speculations. And I have always noticed that none of them ever regained their sanity. Their reason came to them occasionally soon after being admitted, but it was only to remind them of their great loss and to make them worse than they were before.

In the end they sank into a state from which few patients ever recover. And if ever they became sane again it was in the world to come; it was certainly not in this.

Drink and loss of money are responsible for more patients in our lunatic asylums than anything else.

Next week: "Troublesome Lunatics."

STOUT GENT IN TRAIN: "Why don't one of you young gents get up and let one of these three ladies sit down?"

One of the Young Gents: "Why don't you get up and let them all sit down?"

YOUR LUCKY DAY.

WHICH is your lucky day? Many women have three—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—on which days Janet Gray, of the London DAILY EXPRESS, chats informally with her readers on the all-important subject of dress.

To many of her correspondents she has brought good fortune, in the sense that she has taught them how to be really well-dressed, how to realise the difference between simply wearing any clothes and wearing the only possible clothes.

Janet Gray will help you if you write to her. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, remember, in the DAILY EXPRESS.

THIS SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK

SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY ADULT—MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Denison Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely, in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original, and unflinching writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before and After," he has surpassed all his former efforts, and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before and After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in the most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to his readers, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt. The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being, and the union of a man and a woman "for better or worse" is the most important event in the life of any individual, the climax of human existence. Upon its results depend the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands, therefore, the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue after marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

"Marriage: Before and After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters. It contains the accumulated knowledge of the best brains in the world on this question, knowledge hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is responsible for untold matrimonial misery.

It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unpeppable suffering and home-wrecking disasters.

And it helps you to avoid all these troubles. Skillfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snares and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwary wedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and marital comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and enhanced happiness.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are accessibly left out. But enough remains to give you some idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from first to last in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The Future of the child.—Dreadful ordeals.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early and late marriages.—Unripe parents.—What a physician says.—Disparity in ages.—Religion and marriage.—Law of choice.—Physical attributes in parents.—Love.—False Love.—How not to be misled.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amativeness: Its use and abuse.—Wrong habits.—Concealment.—After marriage.—Useful information for the married.

CHAPTER IV.—Important physiological facts.—Hints for those who wish to become parents.—The father's influence.—Rules for women, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people ought to read.)

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The law of the husband.—The husband's duty, etc.

CHAPTER VII.—The law of the wife.—The wife's duty, etc.—Marital Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book ought to be read and studied by every young man and young lady engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

Write, then, for this book now. Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in so sensible, uncompromisingly a way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush here, but a straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, and which gives the most valuable assistance to all married couples and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their destinies into another's.

The demand for copies of this book has been so enormous that we are scarcely able to print quickly enough, and the danger is that the fourth edition will be sold out within a few days.

Make sure of getting your copy, then, by writing for it now.

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Pearson's Weekly, 1111/13

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ADDRESS

ARRANGING A ROYAL WEDDING.

All Sorts of Difficulties Have Been Overcome in Organising the Wedding of the Duchess of Fife and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

It is no light matter to organise a Royal wedding, and some of those Court officials who have been entrusted with the arrangements for the marriage of the Duchess of Fife and Prince Arthur of Connaught confess they would rather undertake another Coronation than a Royal wedding in the cramped interior of the Chapel Royal, St. James'.

As soon as the betrothal was officially announced, and the King had given his necessary consent to the wedding, the work of preparation was immediately commenced.

A preliminary survey of the Chapel Royal was commenced, and the procedure adopted when the wedding of the present King and Queen was at once referred to, and has been utilised to a very considerable extent, though a distinctly more simple note is now to be struck, since the circumstances are by no means the same.

Only Room for 300.

The first matter to be taken in hand was to form an estimate of precisely how many people the Chapel Royal could hold in comfort, and very careful measurements showed that not more than 300 could be comfortably accommodated, even when the heavy, old-fashioned pews that are usually there had been removed, and it was therefore at once decided that this should be the outside number of guests invited.

A further difficulty at once arose. The requirements of the Royal family on this occasion were found to amount to, roughly, forty seats, while the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign Courts and their ladies and the official circle at home had to be provided for.

This meant that considerably more than half the available space was already allotted, and the question of the personal friends of the bride and bridegroom had then to be taken in hand.

Both the Duchess of Fife and Prince Arthur of Connaught had to be appealed to, in order that the lists of those they desired to be present might be reduced to the smallest possible limits.

When this had been done it was found that almost the whole space had gone, and that no arrangements had been made for those whom the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught desired to invite. Therefore, another consultation had to be held, and Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson, the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department who, by reason of his position, has full control of the arrangements, was summoned to Balmoral in order that the list of those who should be "commanded" to be present might be finally decided upon.

A Special Chair for the Queen.

While this was being done, the work of clearing the Chapel Royal of its usual fittings and the formation of temporary staging was taken in hand. This staging runs from the entrance to the chapel to almost the altar rails on either side, and is in three tiers. Chairs are to be placed on these, and these chairs, by the way, will be some of those that were used in Westminster Abbey upon the occasion of the Coronation of the present King and Queen. All intending to be present are "commanded" to be in their places not later than eleven-thirty on the morning of the wedding.

In the front of the altar will be two rows of gilt chairs arranged in semi-circular fashion, with one slightly elevated in the centre. This is for the occupation of the Queen, while the others are for the Royal guests and the representatives of the various foreign Courts then present.

It has been a matter of some little difficulty for the Court officials concerned to arrange these in due order of precedence. Since it has been decided that the King shall give the bride away in person, there has been no need to provide a special chair for him.

A very difficult matter that confronted the officials at the outset of the arrangements was the provision of an adequate choir. It was at first proposed that the whole of the gentlemen and boys of the choir of the Chapels Royal should take part in this service, and that special soloists should be introduced from outside.

A survey, however, of the space that it would be possible to allot to the choir showed that this

would be out of the question, and it has been necessary to cut the ordinary choir of the Chapels Royal down to very narrow limits. Neither has it been possible to include any orchestra to assist the organ.

The task of organisers has been immensely simplified by the decision of the King that there shall be no carriage processions to the Chapel Royal from Buckingham Palace, as was the case when their Majesties were married. This dispensed at once with the necessity for lining the streets with troops, many of whom would have had to be brought specially from Aldershot and other military stations for the purpose, and the provision of suitable escorts from the Life Guards and other cavalry regiments.

The preparations for the wedding breakfast and reception have been left entirely in the hands of the Lord Steward's department, and have necessitated the utmost care and forethought. Everything will, of course, be served cold on this occasion, and will be cooked a few days previously in the great kitchens of Windsor Castle.

LODGER WINS £125.

He Tells How Half Our "Middles" First Prize Came Just at the Right Moment.

MR. W. E. MARSDEN, a lodger at 120 Russell Avenue, Wood Green, N., who shares with another competitor the big prize in "Middles" 83, was having a hot bath when the news was broken to him! But seldom has a man dressed quicker, for the magic words, "Mr. P. Doubleyou has called," gave him an inkling of what was coming.

"Well, that takes my breath away," he said when he came downstairs, "for it is as unexpected as it is useful."

"I have taken *Pearson's Weekly* since the very first number. I was only a boy, and I can still remember reading that first number to the other boys in my dormitory."

"After leaving school I became a sailor, so, of course, I hadn't the opportunity to enter every competition. But whether I entered or not I had *Pearson's Weekly* regularly on order. Once I remember coming back after a fourteen months' voyage and finding over a year's supply of *P.W.'s* waiting for me."

"As I started on another voyage almost immediately, I took them along with me. That trip was known by every one aboard as '*Pearson's voyage*,' for never were fifty numbers of the paper more read and talked about."

"I served through the Boer War, but though I was here, there, and everywhere, I generally managed to get a supply of *P.W.'s* sent out to me."

"Since I have been back in England I have been a traveller in a cork business. As a matter of fact, I own a part share in the business, and that is why the prize has come when I badly need it, for business has been very poor lately."

"Curiously enough, my last prize from you—though it was only £4—came just at the right moment. I got it before I went away on my holidays, and as I was rather short of cash the amount made all the difference to me."

"How do I work out my 'Middles'? Well, I have no settled plan of campaign. I make a point of working them out regularly every Monday evening, and I pick out words that I think most competitors will avoid. I am always severely critical of my own efforts, and I never send in anything which I think doesn't stand a fair chance."

The first prize in this week's "Middles" contest is £250. Those who try are those who win, so turn at once to page 420, and try hard.

KING'S ENGLISH.

No. 20.—"Didn't Ought."

Even the best educated among us are liable to make mistakes in grammar. Each week we give some common grammatical error, pointing out the mistake and correcting it.

This week we explain the misuse of "Didn't ought." It's quite easy to remember the correct use of "ought" if you remember that "ought" can invariably be replaced by "should." "You ought to go," is just the same, practically speaking, as "You should go." "Didn't ought" is always incorrect, just as much as "didn't should."

Next week: "Hung" and "Hanged."



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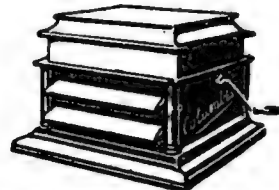
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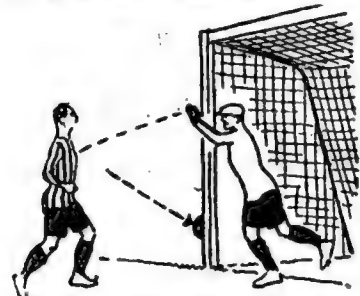
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HOW GOALIES TRICK FORWARDS

The Chelsea, Aston Villa, and Nearly Every Other First-class Goal-keeper has a Trick of His Own for Outwitting the Opposing Attack.

WHAT makes the successful goal-keeper is not so much the possession of physical strength or liness of limb, but the faculty of almost instinctively finding a way out of tight corners. Resourcefulness is the keynote of good goal-keeping, and it is for this reason that first-class custodians are seldom at a loss as to the best way to clear the ball from the danger zone, no matter what form the attack of their opponents may take.



Scattergood, Derby County's clever goalie, when hard pressed near the goal, will sling the ball against an opponent so that it rebounds over the goal line and a goal kick results.

A player who excels in this fashion is Scattergood, Derby County's clever goal-keeper, who in moments of hot pressure is resourcefulness itself. For instance, when running sideways from his goal to field a wing shot, and being surrounded by the opposing forwards, Scattergood will sling the ball against the chest or shoulders of an opponent so that it rebounds over the goal line and the pressure is averted.

Of course, to insure the success of this clever manoeuvre the ball must rebound from a forward well to the side of the goal and fairly close to the goal line, but with these two requirements this expedient is a fairly safe one.

One of the most trying ordeals for a goal-keeper is that of defending his charge against corner kicks. For he is surrounded by a crowd of players who, in their efforts to defend or attack the goal, do much to impede the endeavours of the goal-keeper to clear the ball.

King, Tottenham Hotspur's goal-keeper, who has

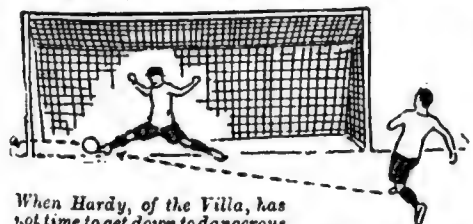


King, of Tottenham Hotspur, has a clever back punch, with which he sends the ball out of the danger zone when corner kicks are sent his way.

been playing so brilliantly this season, practises an extraordinary save from corner kicks, which always proves effective owing to the fact that it is so speedily and unexpectedly carried out.

The ball is swung from the corner flag breast high across the mouth of the goal. The leather is travelling too low to easily tip over the bar, and with a horde of players round him it would be too dangerous for the goal-keeper to punch.

What King does under circumstances such as these is to run towards the ball and, stooping slightly, gives a quick backward punch. This sends the ball hurtling on its way, and before the opposing forwards have properly realised its direc-



When Hardy, of the Villa, has not time to get down to dangerous cross shots, he makes a desperate "spread eagle" kick, with which he generally manages to divert the leather round the post with his toe.

tion the leather is somewhere over by the opposite touch line.

The success of this trick is due to the fact that

the players anticipate that the goal-keeper will endeavour to change the direction in which the ball is travelling and not send it on its way, and thus they are taken off their guard.

Hardy, the famous Aston Villa goal-keeper, saves many a goal through his marvellous activity and clever anticipation of the direction a forward's shot will take.

At times he has dangerous cross shots to deal with, when the leather speeds goalwards a few inches off the ground and is too far away for him to have time to get at it with his hands. Instead of indulging in a risky full-length dive in the hopes of diverting the ball round the post, Hardy carries out a spread-eagle kick.

It is an acrobatic sort of feat, but it generally proves successful, Hardy's toe just managing to meet the ball and send it round the post. This is a successful emergency save, because it can be carried out in a second, whereas the time wasted in stooping to handle the ball would render any attempt at a save useless.

There are occasions when a goal-keeper has not the time or opportunity to carry out the most effective clearance of all, that of a catch and a lusty kick, and thus he has to punch or throw the ball away from the goal. When surrounded by opponents it is a dangerous move to throw the leather, as it is not possible to sling it any great distance or send it high enough to pass over the attacker's heads.

Molyneux, of Chelsea, gets rid of the ball by deftly throwing it from his left hand towards his right, and thus manages to get in a strong right-hand punch which clears the ball far more effectively than a throw.

Lawrence, Newcastle United's well-known custodian, brings off many apparently miraculous saves by coming out of goal and, as the attacking forward shoots, he either catches the ball or diverts its course, but seldom misses it. As a matter of fact, when a forward is bearing down on the goal with only the custodian to beat, the Lawrence

policy of coming out to meet him is by far the safest means of repulsing the attack.

Imagine lines drawn from the toe of the running forward to the bottom of each goal upright. An angle is thus formed with the ball at the apex. Obviously the nearer the goal-keeper gets to the apex of this angle the less chance the forward has of sending the ball past him into the goal. Whereas if the goal-keeper remained on the goal line he would have the maximum amount of goal area to defend, and would stand far less chance of bringing off the save. This is really the secret of many of Lawrence's clever saves.



The reason why Lawrence, Newcastle's goalie, makes so many brilliant saves by running out of goal to meet a forward is here depicted by means of the dotted lines. They explain why the nearer that Lawrence gets to the attacking forward the less chance the latter has of sending the ball past him into the net.

policy of coming out to meet him is by far the safest means of repulsing the attack.

Imagine lines drawn from the toe of the running forward to the bottom of each goal upright. An angle is thus formed with the ball at the apex. Obviously the nearer the goal-keeper gets to the apex of this angle the less chance the forward has of sending the ball past him into the goal. Whereas if the goal-keeper remained on the goal line he would have the maximum amount of goal area to defend, and would stand far less chance of bringing off the save. This is really the secret of many of Lawrence's clever saves.

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Have you given fresh water to the gold fish, Mary?"

Maid: "No, ma'am; they haven't finished what I gave them the other day yet."

KIDNEY PARALYSIS

Still Another Miracle-Cure by
DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

"I have kept in good health ever since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me six years ago." So says Mr. Samuel Rowen, of 34 Broom Street, Park Lane, Keighley. "For twelve years," he continues, "I was so lame from paralysis that I could not move about at all without help of a stick. I slept badly, and as for eating, I could hardly touch food. Naturally I wasted away to a mere shadow. My trouble began with acute inflammation of the kidneys, following a chill; after that came the paralysis, and though I saw seven different doctors, and was in four hospitals, I only got worse."



Mr. Rowen, Keighley.

"But when at last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets I soon improved. In a short time I was so well that I could walk twenty miles without undue fatigue—an important thing to me as I get my living out of doors. Since then I have kept well, taking an occasional dose of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, which I shall never cease to praise."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in case of Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains, Heart Weakness, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, Spinal and Nerve Paralysis, and general bodily fatigue, brain-fag, and all run-down conditions. Send 2d. to-day to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd. (A37), Chester Road, Manchester, for a free sample. All Chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. The last is the most economical to buy.

YOUR CHANCE TO PROFIT BY Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TRUE HAIR-GROWER.

SPECIAL OFFER.

100,000 4/6 Bottles of Tatcho to be Distributed
Amongst Readers of "Pearson's Weekly."

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW." These enthusiastic words of Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the editor of the Daily Mail are to-day being reiterated in thousands of homes.

Why shouldn't you, the reader, put yourself or some member of your family or friend into the fortunate position of being able to say with Mr. Sims,

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW?"

The special offer contained in this announcement constitutes an interesting example to how, by their enthusiastic praise of Tatcho, its grateful recipients enable the company to make such a unique offer possible and so bring Tatcho within the reach of all. You are offered a regular 4s. 6d. bottle of Tatcho—the Hair Grower, "Genuine," "Good," "True"—carriage paid to your own door at the nominal price of 1s. 10d. Your acceptance of this offer will enable you fully and conclusively to prove in your own home that Tatcho is what Mr. Geo. R. Sims assures you it is—a Hair Grower.

"CAPABLE OF WORKING WONDERS."

SPECIAL OFFER AUTHORITY.

We authorize our Chief Chemist at our Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, to send to the applicant who forwards this authority, a regular 4/6 bottle of "Tatcho." Carriage and Packing Paid, to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of 1/10. Should it not be desired to cut out this authority, applications for the 4/6 bottle will be entertained by the applicant quoting No. 1013 Pearson's Weekly.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.



Writing Dramas for Drury Lane

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, one of the Authors of "Sealed Orders," Recently Produced at Drury Lane, Tells You How He

Writes His Sporting Plays—and Why it is They are Always Successful.

[Ever since Mr. Raleigh was first engaged to write sporting dramas for Drury Lane in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton, the famous drama house has not staged one single failure.]

An experience of writing sporting dramas which extends over more years than I sometimes care to think about has induced me to form one firm belief—namely, that practical experience of sport is essential to the playwright who deals in sporting dramas, for the sole and simple reason that to present a sporting drama which will really breathe an atmosphere of sport, technical mistakes of even the most trivial kind must be avoided, otherwise the real expert on sport will say:

"This is not the real thing—it is merely a spurious imitation of sporting life."

Let me, therefore, before going into the question of "sporting drama in the making" give you a practical example which occurred once at Drury Lane to prove why actual participation in sport is a very valuable factor indeed from the point of view of a writer of sporting drama.

One of the characters in this Drury Lane drama had to say:

"I don't know what's the matter, sir, but the horse didn't eat up this morning."

Of course the expression, "eat up" which in everyday language means that a horse cleans his manger out in a healthy manner, is a common one enough, but the stage-manager, apparently, had not heard of it, for he stopped the rehearsal and said: "That's wrong—eat up what? A horse must eat up something."

I Was Brought Up On Sport.

I explained that the expression was correct, and that it would be "out of the picture" to say that "a horse didn't eat up his corn," or whatever it was—and all was well. But this trifling incident only goes to show the truth of my contention that to give real sporting men a drama which they will see at a glance "is right" it is of considerable advantage for a dramatist to have had actual experience in the great game himself.

In my own case, so far as sporting drama is concerned, I think that the reason why I lapsed into this particular class of literary work was because I could not very well help it.

When I was a boy, my father, who was a very well-known gentleman rider, later on moved to

Epsom, where he had a big string of horses in training. Thus I was literally brought up on sport—and heard little else talked about but matters, connected with sport from early morning until late at night.

Later on, when failing health prevented my father from being able to superintend training operations himself, I took charge of over ninety horses, and remained at Epsom as a trainer for some time.

However, I had always had a leaning towards literature, and after giving up training I became dramatic critic of VANITY FAIR, at the same time writing for various other papers, and eventually, on the death of Mr. Henry Pettitt, at the request of Sir Augustus Harris, I agreed to write for Drury Lane drama in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton.

And now let me come to the actual writing of a sporting drama, such as *The Whip* or *The Hope*. Students of racing must be well aware that in the life stories of some of our famous horses thrilling incidents actually occur quite frequently, and this fact I have always borne in mind when working up details for Drury Lane dramas.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that sporting incidents at "the Lane" are exaggerated. What incident in any drama, for example, has ever been more thrilling than the burning of Klarikoff's box on the way back from Liverpool? Klarikoff, you may or may not remember, was favourite for the St. Leger at the time. Again, the "getting at" of Orme created almost an unparalleled sensation in the sporting world.

Honesty Must Come Out On Top.

I need not mention any other examples of exciting incidents in a racehorse's life, for lots of these stirring incidents must be familiar to everyone who takes even only a passing interest in racing. I have, as a matter of fact, only referred to these to show that one is not drawing the long bow in introducing such incidents into a play as the attempt to destroy a horse by unslipping his horse-box, to mention one incident which people not familiar with the life stories of famous racehorses might regard as—well, somewhat exaggerated.

Again, touching on what are essential points in the making of sporting drama, reminds me that not only is it well for virtue to triumph, but it is also wise that honesty should get the upper hand of dishonesty.

With regard to other more or less essential items in sporting drama, I may say I think that the trainer should always be incorruptible, while if he can justly be made a humorous character as well this additional good point is certainly not a disadvantage. And the hero! Well, so far as he is concerned, he must obviously always run as straight as the proverbial die, and so long as he does this I do not think that it is a matter of much importance in what actual direction his sporting tendencies show themselves.

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

Our strongest wants are our weaknesses.

It's a new joke that knows its own author.

THE key of a man's heart usually fits his money-chest.

If your manner is not genuine you cannot be happy in company.

THE only way to be perfect is to follow the advice you give others.

THE girl who cannot write a letter every day to her sweetheart is not really in love.

A STRAIGHT tip on a sure thing generally demonstrates that life is full of uncertainties.

It is not what people say of us, but what they don't say, which reveals our true characters.

THREE never was an angel who wouldn't take off her wings and cook for the man she loved.

THERE is no reason why we should fear ghosts; this is one of the reasons why they so seldom appear.

A DEAD mother's locket or a dead baby's shoe harrows the heart more than the most powerful play ever written.

It is just as well to remember that the fellow who asks you to lend him a sovereign will usually accept five shillings.

A GIRL married to the wrong man changes from an angel into a cat; married to the right one, she is an angel all her life.

SOME girls open like flowers directly they feel the sunshine of admiration upon them; others, like sensitive plants, contract.

THE woman who expects a man to adore cats, love stories, scandal, and babies, does not know the difference between a man and a woman.

A REALLY enjoyable cloud has no shadow; it is just one of those tiny white ones in a blazing blue summer sky, and far away from the sun.

To live peacefully in a flat you must have no dog, cat, canary, piano, cornet, slut, gramophone, baby, or curiosity about your neighbours.

THERE is no greater joy than the joy of giving up something and getting it back again. You have the noble sense of self-sacrifice without its consequences.

Out of doors a sudden touch on the shoulder from behind reveals the general trend of your life—you turn, expecting to see a chum, a pretty girl, a persistent tailor, or a policeman.

WHATEVER you do, don't kiss her. There are some women who, if you do, immediately assume an air of ownership, and openly treat any other woman you're friendly with as a potential burglar.

DO A LINE-RICK AND WIN £10.

1st PRIZE £10. FIVE PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

NO
ENTRY
FEE.

Line-Ricks is a simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every reader of P.W. You take any one line in this copy of P.W.—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 406, column 1, line 44, the line:

"Smile on her nose,"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"Quite spoilt the nose."

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the title to the article on page 406:

"Herve Bay's Huge Fishes."

Then you could add the line:

"Make nice Friday Dishes."

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the Peps advertisement on page 417:

"This cure works on the principle that"

and you add a second line:

"You put a new lining inside an old hat."

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.

Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what is considered to be the best Line-rick will be awarded the first prize of £10. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, October 14th. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 14" in the top left-hand corner.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided each is on a separate coupon.

LINE-RICK No. 14.

Page..... Column..... Line.....

Line chosen

Rhyming line

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Name

Address

RESULT OF LINE-RICKS No. 11

The First Prize of £10 has been awarded to:

ALBERT T. STILES, 370 New Hall Lane, Preston, Lancs., for the Line-Rick:

Line chosen—Lost all desire for drink.

Rhyming line—Bathed about to sink.

The Second Prize of £5 has been awarded to:

WILLIAM D. CRAIG, 57 Kassassin St., Portsmouth, for the Line-Rick:

Line chosen—"Why, I make more than a thousand a year."

Rhyming line—Said the man whom I met in the Mint—"I won't here."

Ten prizes of £1 each have been awarded to:

Mrs. W. Raynor, Titchfield Villas, Hucknall, Torkard, Notts.

J. Oliver, Jun., 69 Winston St., Glasgow, E.

J. Boorman, 44 Azenby Rd., Peckham, S.E.

Miss K. Todd, 19 Townshend Tce., Richmond, Surrey.

Mrs. M. J. Prudhoe, 202 H. S. Edward's Street, South Shields.

P. C. Skilton, Sea View, Swan Row, Pennar, Pembroke Dock.

Miss S. M. Ferguson, Beaconsbrae, Methlick, Aberdeenshire N.B.

A. Morris, 35 Wharncliffe Gardens, St. John's Wood, N.W.

C. M'C. Mann (Staff), Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.

E. Coulson, 28 Freshford Street, Earsfield, S.W.

Here are Some Very Clever Attempts Sent in This Week:

Why I make more than a thousand a year.

You see, he cut coals for bottles of beer.

Too stout or too thin.

One laces out—the other in.

The advantages of the Channel Tunnel are many.

And levers declare 'twill be worth every penny.

She was nowhere to be seen.

A little mouse stood where she'd been.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" she screamed.

Wolfe Barabbi for supper! No wonder she dreamed.

Then he suddenly sat still, as if turned to stone.

'Twas a sov., not a bob, on the plate he had thrown.

H. Hesketh Prichard, the famous creator of "Don Q," writes a new series for the October ROYAL.

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Stylo Pens, Watches, and Blue Bird Hat Pins to be Won this Week.

The Adventures of Percy.

PERCY VERE DE VERE is very interested in aviation. In fact:

To Hendon one day Percy went,
And said, "I will conquer the air."
But his monoplane fell with a crash,
And the crowd was then heard to declare:

Well, what did they say to Percy? Not more than ten words. For the best things said we will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Hendon." See conditions below.

A Drawing, Please!

ABOVE you have another adventure of Percy Vere de Vere, one of the K'nuts. What is your idea of Percy? We want a drawing of him. In straight lines only. You are not limited to the number of lines you use. For the ten best drawings we will give Watches. Mark postcards "Straight." See conditions below.

For the Ladies.

THIS competition is for ladies only. We want to know "Why is a young lady like a motor-bus?" One clever answer is, "If you miss one, another will come along soon!" We want better than that, however. For the ten best replies we will give Blue Bird Hat-pins. Mark postcard "Motor-bus." See conditions below.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these surprise column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, October 14.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

RESULTS OF SUR—PRIZES COLUMN COMPETITIONS.

"POT" CONTEST.

In this contest prizes of ten silver and pearl fruit knives were offered for the best "potted romances" in not more than twenty words, such, for example, as: "Mr.—Miss—Meet; Kiss—More Kisses—Miss Mrs." The following were the winners:

Mrs. J. P. Banks, 28 Dalkeith Rd., Edinburgh; Miss G. Barrow, 86 St. George's Rd., Southwark, S.E.; Mrs. H. E. Close, White House, Brandon, Durham; E. Heath, 17 Barclay Rd., Fulham; C. Kirkham, 59 Lyndhurst Rd., Peckham, S.E.; E. Presland, 27 Carlisleford Rd., Green Lanes, Haringey, N.; P. C. Skilton, Sea View, Swan Row, Penrith; G. Tait, 32 Seagrave Rd., Gleadless, Sheffield; Miss E. Waddington, 8 Jemmett St., Preston, Lancs; Miss E. F. Woodard, 40 Sunderland St., Brandon Colliery, Co. Durham.

"BEAUTY" CONTEST.

Prizes of stylo pens were offered for the best ten lines to the following verse:

At a Beauty Show held by the sea,
Young Percy, the swanker, was there,
He expected to win the first prize,
Till a voter was heard to declare—

The winners were:

Mrs. G. Board, 97 High St., Sandown, I. of W.; Mrs. M. M. Blencowe, 6 Richmond Terr., Kingland Rd., Salisbury; D. Derrington, 171 Alexander Rd., Acoc's Green, Birmingham; D. Elder, 20 Rodney St., Edinburgh; Mrs. A. J. Hudson, 4 Milton St., Brierfield, Lancs; E. C. Impey, 63 Norwich St., Cambridge; S. G. Miller, 1 Kingdown Ave., West Ealing; R. Nibbet, The Barns, Kilmacollm, N.B.; P. C. Skilton, Sea View, Swan Row, Penrith; C. M. Townshend, 112 Prince of Wales Rd., Kentish Town.

"LOST" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to answer the following question: Jones, when crossing to Boulogne lost his purse containing all his money, but still had his ticket. He was nearly mad with hunger, as he had no money to buy food, but on landing he discovered that food had been included in the cost of the ticket. What did Jones say? The prizes of ten watches have been thus awarded:

T. Ambrose, Bellevue, Marazion; A. H. Birch, Haverford, Risca; Miss F. Burton, 7 Courtenay Terr., Paignton; J. A. Fisher, 35 Pepperharow Rd., Godalming; F. Fitzgerald, The Kangle, Haverhill; Miss M. Johnson, 21 Faraday Rd., Ipswich; T. Ludley, 43 Garnet St., Middlesbrough; C. Mann, 8 Cheltenham Terr., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. Norfolk, 19 Red Row, Bedlington; J. Noyle, 34 Eynham Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.

FREE
COOKER
FOR YOU



£1575
IN CASH
PRIZES

ASK
YOUR
GROCER

FULL DETAILS
IN EACH QUAKER OATS PACKET

QUAKER OATS not only makes more porridge and has a more delicious flavour than any other rolled oats or oatmeal—but is the most nourishing and economical food you can buy.

532,626—over one half-million—Quaker Oats Cookers were presented to users of Quaker Oats on our previous offer—which closed about five years ago.

During the past twelve months we have received an enormous number of requests for "another Cooker." The following is a copy of a recent letter:—

"Is there not some way by which I can obtain another Quaker Oats Cooker? The one you sent me over five years ago is finished. I tried purchasing a double saucepan from my ironmonger, but it was very expensive, and I did not like the shape as well as the Quaker Cooker. If you can't give me one free I will gladly pay for it. I use Quaker Oats regularly, and the Cooker is a great help in cooking it right."

We have, therefore, decided to give everyone an opportunity of obtaining a Quaker Oats Cooker in exchange for White Squares cut from the front of Quaker Oats packets. Your Grocer will give you full particulars and tell you how you can obtain a Cooker at once, if desired.

CASH PRIZE COMPETITION

As only one Cooker can be sent to the same family, we have arranged a Cash Prize Competition for those who during the period of the offer (to November 30th, 1914) can save more White Squares than are necessary to obtain a Cooker.

Your Grocer will give you a Special Coupon which counts as 5 White Squares

QUAKER OATS LTD., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Quaker Oats



Swimming Record Broken. At the Burton Swimming Gala H. Boynton, of the International Correspondence Schools, won the amateur 100 yards' championship in 77 seconds, a record for Burton.

THE BRIGHTEST BOOK OF THE YEAR.

PEARSON'S BOOK OF FUN, MIRTH AND MYSTERY.

Edited by Mr. X.
Crammed full of puzzles, catches, and quips.
BUY IT AT ONCE.
Just Published, 1/- net.

From all Booksellers; or post paid for 1/3 from C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



HYPNOTISM

A Great Book Free! 52 Pages Illustrated

This interesting book tells you in simple language just how to acquire Hypnotic power, and the various uses to which it may be put. It is the most elaborate and valuable work of its kind ever published. It contains 34 beautiful illustrations, and explains all the mysteries and secrets of the art. Anyone can learn from it all about the Hypnotic Spell—how it is operated, how it aways the will of its subjects, heals the sick, reforms the degraded, helps to trade or position, amuses an audience for profit, and gains for the operator himself health, wealth, and happiness. It also treats fully on Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing, Clairvoyance, Mind Reading, and kindred subjects, and tells how to cure yourself of any pain, ache or disease. To obtain this book, which is entitled "Success and How to Win it," it is only necessary to send your name and address, plainly written, to the Victorian College of Sciences (Dept. A57) Geelong, Victoria, Australia.

£5000 for 12

Send as many
attempts as you like

MATCHES

NO GOALS.
NO ENTRY FEE

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN OUR STUPENDOUS PRIZE.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in twelve matches to be played on Saturday, Oct. 18th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave in names of both teams.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the

space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.

3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 7" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive not later than first post, Friday, Oct. 17th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

CLOSING DATE—

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

PEARSON'S FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 7.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Oct. 18th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Bolton Wanderers (2)	v. Aston Villa (3)
Burnley	v. Tottenham Hotspur
Chelsea (1)	v. Liverpool (2)
Everton (3)	v. Derby County (2)
Stockport County	v. Notts County
Grimsby Town (3)	v. Huddersfield Town (0)
Glossop (3)	v. Leicester Fosse (0)
Leeds City (1)	v. Hull City (0)
Bristol City (3)	v. Barnsley (0)
Coventry City (2)	v. Bristol Rovers (3)
Reading (1)	v. West Ham United (1)
Southend United	v. Portsmouth

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature.....

Address.....

The figures which follow the names of the clubs denote the number of goals scored in the corresponding match last season. Where no figures are given the clubs did not meet.

£250 is the FIRST PRIZE for MIDDLES

After you've filled up your Football Coupon above turn to page 420 and win a "Middles" prize.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Hints about the Most Attractive Football Competition in the World.

The first month of the football season has run its course, and there have been some surprising results—as usual. Blackburn Rovers end the way in the First Division of the League, Bury top the Second Division ladder, and Swindon have an untarnished Southern League record.

There are but seven unbeaten sides in all, whilst ten teams have yet to record their first victory—three each in the first and second divisions of the League, and four in the Southern League.

Nothing could have been finer than the play of Blackburn and Swindon, but the famous Aston Villa side have had rather a bad time.

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Thomas Dooley, "Kingston," St. Peter's Road, Cabra, Dublin.
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Ada Stead, Hill Top, Flockton, nr. Wakefield, Yorks.

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£1,000

WILL BE OFFERED.

DON'T FAIL TO
ENTER.

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Gilding the Top of St Paul's



For the last six months the cross, ball, small dome, and other parts of St. Paul's Cathedral have been in the hands of expert gilders.

Regilding the cross and ball on the top of the famous cathedral is not a task to be carried out in a few days. To start with, no fewer than thirty thousand leaves of best double English gold were used. Double gold, by the way, is gold leaf double the usual thickness. Each leaf, too, has to be put on separately.

The last time St. Paul's was in the gilder's hands was forty years ago, and the gold leaf was hidden under a thick layer of soot and dirt. It will not be until 1950 or 1960 that this gilding will be done again.

Most people have very erroneous ideas as to the size of the ball and cross. The former is seven feet in diameter, and the latter is twelve feet high.

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"I hope to hear, when we meet again," he said, "that you have used the money to advantage."

The next time they met Joe produced two sixpences.

"Well done, my lad," said the delighted teacher; "I am pleased to see my lessons are having their fruits. But what of your sixpence, Johnny?" said he to the other hopeful.

"Please, sir, I lost it tossin' wi' Joe!"

"I suppose that there are many problems which Polar explorers seek to solve," said the unscientific man.

"Yea," replied the intrepid traveller, "a great many."

"What is the most important one?"

"Getting back."

Be an Acorn Gatherer

ACORN gathering adds many a shilling to the income of poor people in the country. The price paid for collecting acorns varies according to the crop. The usual amount is sixpence a bushel, but, in seasons when they are scarce, farmers are willing to pay double that price, for even at a shilling a bushel acorns are considered a cheap feed for pigs, especially at the present time when corn meal is much dearer than usual.

Acorns are not only used for pigs' food. There is no bird fonder of the fruit than a pheasant, and a plentiful supply of acorns means a fairly big reduction in the keeper's bill for pheasant food.

But acorns are dangerous food to some animals, cattle in particular. Many a heifer or young bullock has been poisoned through feeding on the fruit.



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HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbion" gives this tint, indestructible, harmless, permanent, etc.—Sunbion Laboratories, Malden, Surrey.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR DEALERS—Ladies' Overalls, 5s. 6d. dozen; Men's Caps, 1s. 6d. dozen; Ties, 1s. 6d. dozen; Socks, 1s. 6d. dozen; Dress Lengths, 1s. 6d. each. Write for Catalogue.—Luchman's Stock Co., Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

A MARVELLOUS CALCULATOR—Instantaneous and accurate division, multi-location, subtraction, percentage and decimal reckoning, 1/4.—"Thurgood" Company (Dept. N.), 140 Gray's Inn Road, London.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS—We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptances guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 10 per cent. if successful. Names of delighted clients. Write to-day for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—ALL FREE.—Dugdale Co., 308 Dugdale Building, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

FLIES CURED. Sample tube free. Gives immediate relief. Thousands of testimonials. Seven days' free treatment offered to all sufferers.—Send two penny stamps for postage to Lomble Depot L, 18 Willis Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

GLOSS YOUR CO. LARN!—Easily done without trouble by using "REDFORD'S" PIGTAIL BRAND. Sample for post-card.—E. Redford's, Liverpool, E.

FUN FOR SIXPENCE—Ventriloquist's Double Throat, his roof of mouth, always invisible, extends and mystifies; sing like a canary, whistle like a poppy, and imitate birds and beasts. 8d. each, four for 1s.—Sydney Benson (Dept. 7), 200 Pontefract Rd., London, N.

SLOAN - DUPLOYAN SHORHAND—Save a year's study, and produces highest speed. Handbook with lessons and specimens sent free.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. L, Birmingham.

HUNDREDS CURED—Osteomyelitis, Chest Diseases, Rheumatism, Gout, Anemia, all weaknesses. Instant relief, successful cures. Dr. Hamilton's Instantaneous Pile Cure, 2s.—Gibb & Co., 188 Victoria Road, Middlesbrough.

STAMPS FREE—100 different or a grand set of PORTUGAL (1000s), 1d. and 1d. postage, mention gift 2s. Approvals 5s., discount—J. Wheeler & Co., 121 Leonard Road, Beckenham.

ENGINEERING BOOKS—Booklet post free.—Bentley's Publishing Co. (Dept. F.W.), Halifax, England.

CONJURING TAUGHT. Entertainment given, Punch and Judy supplied.—James Portland and Alroy House, Finsbury Park. Phone 214, Hoxney.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPIED—1 Cab. & 6 Post-cards, 1s.—Francis & Co., 20 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

43,000 STOCK—Genuine sale Cycles, Tyres, Tubes, etc. Sale Date.—Gorton's, Wolverhampton.

PEACE'S GREAT REMOVAL SALE—Curtains, Muslins, Cassens, Fabrics, Linens, Hosiery, etc., at reduced prices. Removal Sale List post free.—A. Peace & Sons, 105 The Arcade, Nottingham.

MR. COMPETITOR!—Many brilliant lines which win are inspirations from the "PRIZE BRINGER." This book tells why apparent "good lines" fail. Tells just what style to enter for different competitions. Gives material to work off. Gives you "NEW IDEAS." Send for it, 7d. P.O.—Victor Wynne, P. 118, 77 Lever Street, Manchester.

FREE—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address, also parties are of money-making spare-time work.—B. Richford, 889 Hill, London.

BEST LINED COLLARS, 1s. 6d. half dozen; Handkerchiefs, 1s. 6d. half dozen, post free. Sample Collar, Handkerchief, at Winter Quilt, 21s. Post-card for catalogue.—Gent's Outfitter, 30 Brown St., Manchester.

COLLARS AND CURTS starched in the present way quickly and easily done by our new process. They remain beautifully white and stiff for weeks. Try it. Post six collars with 1/2 to a shilling. Clearwell Company, Ruydington, Laleham-on-Thames. Twelve for 8s.

PATENT KNIFE CLEANERS, holds all knives, cleaning all in one minute, P.O. 1s. carriage paid.—Gardiner, 79 Saint George's, Norwich.

SIMPLE COMPLEXION CURE—Just a little Peach-Bloom, a rub with a soft towel and the skin immediately becomes soft and clear, with the healthy appearance so essential to beauty. Peach-Bloom is a beautifying skin food—fragrant and refreshing—and is indispensable for relieving roughness, dry skin, blemishes, redness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 1/6. Sent privately if desired.—Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Nicholson Road, Nunhead, London.



Says Mrs. Cheerisoul:

Nubolic

(The 'Sweetness and Health' Soap.)

will keep even the most sunless living-rooms or bedrooms as sweet and healthy as if refreshing country breezes wafted through them all day long. Disagreeable odours, infection, stuffiness—all may be kept away by the daily use of Nubolic Soap; for while Nubolic cleanses it also disinfects. Large size best for house use. Small ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 2d.) handy for toilet use.

90 Prizes every month

Everyone will stand an equal chance in these interesting competitions. Unsuccessful competitors at the outset may easily win later on, and qualify for one of the grand prizes, for which all who enter one or more of the monthly competitions will be allowed to compete. The Grand Prizes are:—£500 HOUSE and £100 IN CASH (Open to All), and £300 IN SCHOLARSHIPS (Open to Boys and Girls).

No. 1—Oct. For Boys

UNDER 17 YEARS.

Draw a circle round a penny, and write in ink the word 'NUBOLIC' as many times as you can. Prizes will be given for writing the word clearly the greatest number of times. (State number.)

No. 1—Oct. For Girls

UNDER 17 YEARS.

Make longest list of boys' and girls' Christian names, each name to commence with one of the letters of word 'NUBOLIC.' All letters in 'NUBOLIC' may be used. (State number of names.)

No. 1—Oct. For All

Make best seven-word sentence descriptive of Nubolic Soap, using letters in the word 'NUBOLIC' as initials. Example: Nubolic Users Benefit On Limiting Infection's Chances

FIRST PRIZE £5

and Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize £1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize 10/-; 25 Prizes of 5/-

FIRST PRIZE £5

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FIRST PRIZE £10

and Prize £5; 3rd Prize £3; 4th Prize £2; 5th Prize £1; 25 Prizes of 10/-

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

Efforts for each Monthly Competition to be posted on last day of month, postage prepaid. If more than one effort, pin all together. Address envelope as below.

Send Nubolic wrappers with each effort as follows:—Boys, ONE; Girls, ONE; Open to All, THREE. You may win one prize every month, also one of the Grand Final Prizes.

Nubolic is sold as follows: 1 lb. (16 ozs.) 4d.; 2 lb. (32 ozs.) 3d.; 1 lb. (8 ozs.) 2d. Guaranteed full weight when manufactured.

'Nubolic' Dept., JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS

Write full name and address on back of each effort; use paper about 10 by 7 in. Boys and Girls must state age next birthday, and school. If left school, also state date of leaving.

The decision of Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd. to be final. No employee of the Company may compete. Each Competition will be advertised. If in doubt, send postcard, as below.

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£500 for 12

Send as many
attempts as you like

MATCHES

NO GOALS.
NO ENTRY FEE

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN OUR STUPENDOUS PRIZE.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in twelve matches to be played on Saturday, Oct. 18th. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave in names of both teams.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the

space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.

3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 7" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive not later than first post, Friday, Oct. 17th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

CLOSING DATE—

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

PEARSON'S FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 7.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Oct. 18th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Bolton Wanderers (2)	v. Aston Villa (3)
Burnley	v. Tottenham Hotspur
Chelsea (1)	v. Liverpool (2)
Everton (2)	v. Derby County (2)
Stockport County	v. Notts County
Grimsby Town (0)	v. Huddersfield Town (0)
Glossop (3)	v. Leicester Fosse (0)
Leeds City (1)	v. Hull City (0)
Bristol City (3)	v. Barnsley (0)
Coventry City (2)	v. Bristol Rovers (3)
Reading (1)	v. West Ham United (1)
Southend United	v. Portsmouth

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature.....

Address.....

The figures which follow the names of the clubs denote the number of goals scored in the corresponding match last season. Where no figures are given the clubs did not meet.

£250 is the FIRST PRIZE for MIDDLES

After you've filled up your Football Coupon above turn to page 420 and win a "Middles" prize.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Hints about the Most Attractive Football Competition in the World.

The first month of the football season has run its course, and there have been some surprising results—as usual.

Blackburn Rovers lead the way in the First Division of the League, Bury top the Second Division ladder, and Swindon have an untarnished Southern League record.

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MR. COMPETITOR!—Many brilliant lines which win are inspirations from the "PRIZE BRINGER." This book tells why apparent "good lines" fail. Tells how to style to enter for different competitions. Gives material to work off. Gives you "NEW IDEAS." Send for it, 7d. P.O.—Victor Wynne, P. 10, 77 Lever Street, Manchester.

FREE.—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address, also specimen of money-making spare-time work.—E. R. Riddell, 200 Hill, London.

BEST LINEN COLLARS.—24 half dozen; Handkerchiefs, 12 half dozen, post free. Sample Collar, Handkerchief, 6d. Winter Outfit, 1/-; Post-card for catalogue.—Gent's Outfitter, 35 Brown St., Manchester.

COLLARS AND GLOVES.—Starched in the present way quickly set. Have them done by our new process. They remain beautifully white and stiff for weeks. Try it. Post six collars with 1/6 to manager, Clearwell Company, Roydington, Latham-on-Thames. Twelve for 1/-.

PATENT KNIFE COLLARS.—6d. 12 knives, cleaning all in one minute; P.O. 3d. carriage paid.—Gardiner, 10 Saint George's, Norwich.

SIMPLE COMPLEXION CULTURE.—Just a little Peach-Bloom, a rub with a soft towel and the skin immediately becomes soft and clear, with the healthy appearance so essential to beauty. Peach-Bloom is a beautifying skin food—fragrant and refreshing—and is indispensable for relieving roughness, dry skin, blanching, redness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 1/-; sent privately if desired.—Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Nicholson Road, Nunhead, London.



Says Mrs. Cheerisoul:

Nubolic

(The 'Sweetness and Health' Soap.)

will keep even the most sunless living-rooms or bedrooms as sweet and healthy as if refreshing country breezes wafted through them all day long. Disagreeable odours, infection, stuffiness—all may be kept away by the daily use of Nubolic Soap; for while Nubolic cleanses it also disinfects.

Large size best for house use. Small ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 2d.) handy for toilet use.

90 Prizes every month

Everyone will stand an equal chance in these interesting competitions. Unsuccessful competitors at the outset may easily win later on, and qualify for one of the grand prizes, for which all who enter one or more of the monthly competitions will be allowed to compete. The Grand Prizes are:—£500 HOUSE and £100 IN CASH (Open to All), and £300 IN SCHOLARSHIPS (Open to Boys and Girls).

No. 1—Oct. For Boys

UNDER 17 YEARS.

Draw a circle round a penny, and write in ink the word 'NUBOLIC' as many times as you can. Prizes will be given for writing the word clearly the greatest number of times. (State number.)

No. 1—Oct. For Girls

UNDER 17 YEARS.

Make longest list of boys' and girls' Christian names, each name to commence with one of the letters of word 'NUBOLIC.' All letters in 'NUBOLIC' may be used. (State number of names.)

No. 1—Oct. For All

Make best seven-word sentence descriptive of Nubolic Soap, using letters in the word 'NUBOLIC' as initials. Example: Nubolic Users Benefit from Limiting Infection's Chances

FIRST PRIZE £5

and Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize £1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize 10/-; 15 Prizes of 5/-

FIRST PRIZE £5

and Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize £1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize 10/-; 15 Prizes of 5/-

FIRST PRIZE £10

and Prize £5; 3rd Prize £3; 4th Prize £2; 5th Prize £1; 15 Prizes of 10/-

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

Efforts for each Monthly Competition to be posted on last day of month, postage prepaid. If more than one effort, pin all together. Address envelope as below.

Send Nubolic wrappers with each effort as follows:—Boys, ONE; Girls, ONE; Open to All, THREE. You may win one prize every month, also one of the Grand Final Prizes.

Nubolic is sold as follows: 1 lb. (16 ozs.) 4d.; 2 lb. (32 ozs.) 3d.; 3 lb. (48 ozs.) 2d. Guaranteed full weight when manufactured.

'Nubolic' Dept., JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS

Write full name and address on back of each effort; use paper about 10 by 7 in. Boys and Girls must state age next birthday, and school. If left school, also state date of leaving.

The decision of Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd. to be final. No employee of the Company may compete. Each Competition will be advertised. If in doubt, send postcard, as below.

DAINTY DISHES.

October Pie.

Take a small, deep pie-dish and place in it a layer of fresh ripe blackberries, sprinkle with caster sugar, then a layer of apricot jam, then slices of apple cut into thin rings. Continue this till the dish is full. Cover with good paste and bake a light brown. Serve either hot or cold.

Marrow Pudding.

Take a marrow bone, remove the marrow, and reserve the bone for stock. Chop the marrow finely, and for every quarter of a pound of marrow allow a quarter of a pound of fine breadcrumbs, half a pound of chopped figs, and sufficient flour to make into a dough. Boil for three hours. This makes a cheap and nourishing pudding for children.

An Inexpensive Dish for the Children.

Take two pounds of leg of beef, shred and free it from skin. Place in a deep pie-dish with a good seasoning of pepper and salt, dredge a tablespoonful of flour between the meat, fill the dish with cold water, cover with a plate, and simmer in the oven for three hours. As the water evaporates add more, and serve with mashed potatoes or suet pudding. This is a most nourishing dish for children on account of the rich gravy it yields.

American Hash (a Novel Way of Using Up Cold Meat).

Take either cold beef or mutton and mince finely, add an equal quantity of potato, and mix thoroughly; season with pepper and salt. Put a good-sized piece of dripping in a frying-pan, and allow to get thoroughly hot, then throw in the minced meat, and potato moistened with water, and fry to a delicate brown, continually stirring with a knife to get the whole one colour. Serve on a hot dish with appetizers of toast.

Sweet Rusks.

Take half a pound of flour and one ounce of caster sugar. Mix them together in a pan, then melt one ounce of butter in two tablespoonfuls of milk, beat up an egg and stir it into a teaspoonful of yeast. Pour all into the pan containing the flour and sugar and mix to a smooth dough. Cover over and stand in a warm place to rise. Knead well and divide into small pieces. Place on a floured tin to bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Break the rusks into halves and return to the oven for five minutes to get crisp. Store in a tin.

Two Vegetarian Dishes.

Nut Roast.

Take one cupful of chopped pine kernels, two cupfuls of soaked brown breadcrumbs, and one well-beaten egg. Add a little chopped parsley, a pinch of mixed herbs, and one tablespoonful of finely minced onion. Mix all together and bake in a buttered tin in a slow oven for two hours.

Haricot Bean Fry.

Soak one quart of haricot beans all night, then put them into two quarts of water and simmer till tender. Slice a couple of onions and put them in a pan with pepper and salt to taste, and a little butter or dripping. Add the beans and fry all together. Serve very hot.

WEEKS OF RHEUMATISM.

"For weeks I was laid up with rheumatism," says Mr. W. Wheller, of 16 Waterloo Road, Wellington, Somerset. "At times the pains were almost unbearable. They took me in the hip and across the small of my back. There was pain in relieving the bladder, and other signs of kidney trouble."

"I had attacks like this whenever I caught a cold, but recollecting that my mother had been greatly relieved by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, I thought I would try them. I am glad I did, for I soon had great relief. I kept on with the pills until I felt quite cured, and I have had no such attack since. I would recommend the pills to anybody." (Signed) "W. WHEELER."

When the kidneys fail, uric acid gets left in the blood and causes rheumatic attacks, gravel, stone, headaches, dizziness, backache, or dropsy. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help the kidneys to throw off uric acid, and so reach the cause of the above symptoms.

In 2s.9d. boxes only; six boxes 13s.9d. Never sold loose. Of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Be sure you get the same pills as Mr. Wheller had.

The Little Dressmaker

Gives You a Skirt-Making Lesson.

BARRING the trimmings, all skirts are made very much alike. So if I give you what might be called a general talk about skirts, you will be able to fit it on yourself to the special pattern which you happen to have at the minute. And I am sure I hope that many ladies will do so, and find this little bit useful, for it is a difficult thing to make a skirt unless you know exactly how to set about it.

Unless the pattern says to the contrary, you had better lap your seams in the way shown by Diagram 1, for a lapped seam is much easier to manage than any other kind.

Turn in and tack the edge which has to be lapped down, making your turning half, one, or one and a half inches, according to what you like best; one and a half inches is a very wide lap. Then lay this tacked hem on to the edge to which it has to be joined, and sew them together by machine in quite a straightforward way. Pull out the tacking threads, damp your seam, and press it with a hot iron.

The placket is a thing that gives trouble to many people, but when you are making one in a lapped seam, you need not be afraid of it at all. All you need do is just bind up the two raw edges with bits of tape or Prussian binding, to match your stuff, in the way shown by Diagram 2, and then sew on patent clips to close them. Remember that the stitching of your seam must be continued on the upper side of the placket, so that no one can tell where the seam ends and the placket begins.

A hem is a thing that is much easier than it used to be. It was very difficult to manage, years ago, when skirt bottoms were very much on the curve and had to be coaxed; but now it is quite simple. You need only turn up your skirt edge to a single hem at the wrong side of the material and tack it to be. It was very difficult to manage, years ago, when skirt bottoms were very much on the curve and had to be coaxed; but now it is quite simple. You need only turn up your skirt edge to a single hem at the wrong side of the material and tack it to be.

Then try on the skirt to see that it is quite right, and if it is, stitch down a piece of Prussian binding over the raw edge of the turning, and hold this by a double row of stitching in the way shown by Diagram 3. Nearly all skirts have corset tops nowadays, and some people find this a bit troublesome to manage. But I don't think you will have any bother with yours if you keep Diagram 4 before you all the time, and remember these little hints.

(1) If you are going to bone your petersham belt, you must sew the bones into it before you join the skirt on. (2) The upper edge of the petersham only is stitched to the skirt. The lower edge is left quite free. (3) The top of the skirt is turned down over the top of the petersham, and then a piece of binding is sewn on to cover the raw edge. (4) You must have two separate sets of hooks and eyes; one set to fasten the ends of the petersham together, and another set to hook the upper side of the skirt placket down on to the lower side. Your respectful friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

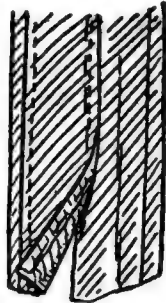


Diagram 1.
Lapping a seam.

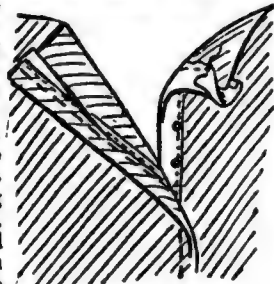


Diagram 2.
This picture shows you the easiest way to make a placket.

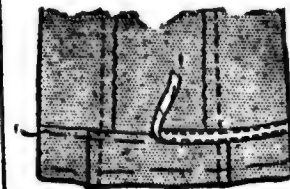


Diagram 3.
The neatest way of finishing a hem.

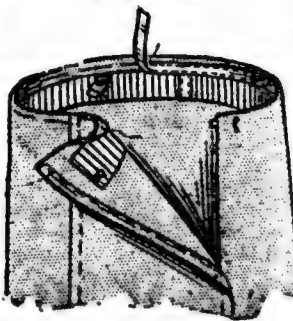


Diagram 4.
How to put a corset band into a skirt.

HOME HINTS.

When Stewing Meat

Always cover with boiling water. This makes the meat more tender, and far more nourishing.

To Remove Match Marks

From a painted kitchen wall, rub with a slice of lemon, then with a clean cloth dipped in whiting. Wash off with warm soap and water, and wipe with a clean cloth wrung dry.

To Waterproof Boots and Shoes,

Take two parts of beeswax and one part of mutton fat, melt together, and apply to the leather at night. Next morning wipe the boots with a flannel and polish in the usual way.

To Remove Typewriting Ink Stains

From cotton or linen blouses, soak the stained part of the blouse in turpentine for twenty-four hours, then pour boiling soda water over the stains and rinse and dry.

To Make Liquid Blue (this is the most economical laundry blue).

Dissolve two ounces of aniline blue in half a gallon of boiling water. Then bottle. When required, add twelve drops to a bucketful of water. This is sufficiently strong for ordinary laundry purposes.

To Bottle Horse-Radish.

Slice the horse-radish thinly, lay on paper, and place in the oven. When quite dry, pound and bottle for use when required.

(A pair of scissors has been sent to Mrs. P. FURMAN, Thorns Road, Quarry Bank, Staffs, for this hint.)

Some Hints on Cooking Fish.

Place

The fish in very hot but not boiling water.

Add One Ounce of Salt

And two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to every quart of water to make the flesh firm and white.

Use Only Sufficient Water

To keep the fish covered. And allow six minutes to the pound.

When a Fish Kettle

Is not available, place a piece of cheese cloth at the bottom of the saucepan for the fish to rest on. The fish can then be lifted out without breaking.

Mackerel

Should never be boiled. Place it in tepid water, and simmer gently till cooked.

When Frying Fish

Sprinkle each side with ground rice before putting in the pan. This is more economical, and quite as tasty as egg and breadcrumbs.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1 oz. of Parmit (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth, take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and 4 oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmit from your chemist you should specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.

Every Year 90,000 Deaths In The United Kingdom Are Traceable To

BRONCHITIS.

THE worst of bronchitis is not its cutting pain, or its restless nights, but the imminent peril from chest complications like pleurisy, pneumonia and consumption.

A fatal illness—or at any rate, chronic trouble—is brought on by dilly-dallying with bronchitis. The heavy death-rate from it is due mainly to neglect of the early symptoms or mistaken attempts to reach the trouble by swallowing cough mixtures and evil-tasting ju-jubes.

With the invention of the Peps Alpine cure, the ideal means of attacking and conquering bronchitis has been found.

This cure works on the principle that as the disease has been breathed into the system, so the remedy must

a very powerful and valuable medicine is given off in fumes as a Peps tablet dissolves on the tongue, and these fumes are carried with the breath down the throat and windpipe into the lungs. In this



natural manner a powerful healing agent is actually passed over tissues beyond the reach of ordinary physic; soreness is allayed by direct contact with the Peps fumes; phlegm is loosened, and it is astonishing how much easier the breathing becomes.

The bronchitis is taken out by the roots.

Peps are sold only in sealed boxes at 1/6 or 2/9. Every silver-wrapped tablet is stamped with the name PEPS. Obtainable of all chemists, or direct from The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.

Bathed in the Peps fumes, every part of the respiratory organs becomes strengthened and revitalised. To preserve their peculiar potency, Peps have to be separately enclosed in silver paper till actual use.

Nothing is more grateful than the relief which Peps bring to chronic bronchial sufferers, especially the aged. Peps contain no opium, morphia, or any other dangerous drug, and they may, therefore, be taken as freely and frequently as desired. Peps are an excellent protection against chills and chest ailments, and should be used by young and old on the very first appearance of a cough, and directly the cold season approaches.

The potent volatile Peps medicine, in its action bears such striking resemblance to the balsamic air of the famous pine-forests of Switzerland, that a handy box of Peps is often spoken of as "A Pine Forest in Every Home."

be breathed in to fetch it out. You can't "breathe in" a liquid cough mixture. Nature refuses to pass into the windpipe anything but air, or that which is in the form of air. By the unique Peps method



PEPS

Make the Breathing Easy

Don't continue to suffer from
ANAEMIA, WEAKNESS, NERVES, RUN-DOWN
Get your share of the sunshine of life. Commence to-day to take Wingarnis and it will give you new health, new vigour, new vitality and new life. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend it. You can obtain

WINGARNIS

from all Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers. To-day is the best day to buy a bottle. Will you? Or you can take advantage of our offer and

BEGIN TO GET WELL FREE!

Send for a liberal free trial bottle. Enclose three penny stamps (for postage), Colman & Co., Ltd., 115, Wingarnis, or New York.

50 REAL OSTRICH FEATHER NECKLETS FREE.

Not a one. Foreign Orders extra.

Largest Firm of Ostrich Feather Manufacturers make Special Offer.

AN AMAZING OFFER.

In order to popularise our Ostrich Feather goods, our Directors have decided to send absolutely free—handsome real Ostrich Feather Necklets to the first 50 applications opened on Wednesday morning, October 23rd (containing a F.O.) to two of our Ostrich Plumage for 3/6. Kindly mention the name of this paper in order to receive. All orders will be executed promptly. The names of the successful recipients can be seen in application at the Head Office of the Company, 108 Oxford Street, London, W.

2/- or TWO 3/6
Worth 7/6. Post Free!

Sent on approval. Money returned if not delighted.

The Nineteen inches long, in Black, White or any colour. This beautiful REAL OSTRICH Plumage sent on approval, 1/- free, on receipt of remittance for 2/- or Two for 3/6.

NOTICE—Owing to the enormous demand and the exceptional value of these sample plumage WE CANNOT SUPPLY MORE THAN TWO TO EACH CUSTOMER.

VISIT OUR SHOWROOMS. Thousands of Bargains to select from at greatly reduced prices, or send for Illustrated Coloured Sale Catalogue of Bargains of Feathers and Bones, post free.

Lucky Charm. This week we are sending with every order received a unique free gift of a South African LUCKY STAR CHARM as a souvenir. "THE OSTRICH NECKLET" is an exceedingly pretty and rare charm from Central Africa, which native tradition says has the power to attract to the possessor good fortune. This gift is sent with all orders, whether a prize winner or not. If further charms are required we will supply them at 1/6 each.

FEATHERS RENOVATED.
Take particular notice of our advertisement, it will pay you. No conversation with any other firm.

THE AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM CO. Ltd.,
108 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (First Floor over Henry Heath's).

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME

with a Riley Billiard Table. No game is so universally popular as billiards—none can give so much enjoyment to old and young of both sexes. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables are made to fit on any dining table, and can be stored against the wall when not in use. Being made exactly proportionate to the standard size, they give the same accurate game. And the cost need not deter you. Payments can be spread over 13 months at an extra cost of only 5 per cent. on cash prices.

RILEY'S Billiard Tables

To place on your own dining table. Cash or Easy Payments.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Snod, Low Friction-Proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystal Balls, etc.

Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.		£3 7 6	0 in 13 Month	13 Monthly Payments of	... 5/6
" 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.		4 7 6	by Payment	" "	... 7/0
" 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.		5 5 0	as here shown	" "	... 8/0
" 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.		7 5 0	being only 5	" "	... 11/6
" 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.		10 0 0	per cent. on	" "	... 16/0
			Cash Price.		

Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom at our risk. No charge for packages. **LISTS FREE.** Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-.

RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Table

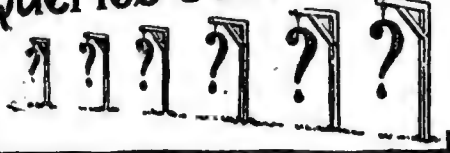
(AS ILLUSTRATED).

Fitted with "Riley's Patent Action for Raising, Lowering, and Levelling. A handsome piece of Furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c. Prices range from £15 10/- to £25, according to size of table. Cash or easy payments. Full details in list sent on application.

FREE On receipt of postcard, full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

E. J. RILEY LTD., Grange Mills, Accrington.
Bill London Showrooms: 147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Queries Settled Here



£500 FOR TWELVE MATCHES.

This week we break all previous records in football competitions by the two announcements which you will find on page 414.

The first is an offer of £500 in cash for correctly forecasting only twelve football matches. Here is an opportunity for you, if you have any knowledge of football, to turn your skill into pleasure—and perhaps profit. Look through the list of twelve matches, and, after careful consideration, strike out the clubs which you think will lose. In the event of your coming to the conclusion that any match will be a draw, then do not cross out either team. In the event of no competitor correctly forecasting the results of matches, then a cash prize of £100 will go to the nearest. Before doing anything else, turn to the Football Competition, fill in your coupon at once, and send it in to us.

The second announcement is that the prize of £1,000, which was offered in Football Contest No. 3, has been won, each of the winners getting fifteen results correct. This makes a record total of £1,100 in cash paid in three weeks.

SOMETHING EXTRA FOR "MIDDLES."

"PLEASE Mr. Editor," wrote one of my lady readers a few days ago, "do give away some more graphophones as prizes, now that the winter evenings are coming on. Father won one a year or so ago, and no prize could have given more pleasure than that one did."

I thought over that letter a lot, and, as a result, I tried to find a nice-toned instrument—one the winner of which would be really proud of. I found such an instrument in the Columbia Hornless Graphophone, fitted with the famous tone-control shutters, and listed at three guineas. I am giving away ten of these instruments this week in the Middles' Competition, and with each graphophone we are presenting three fine, double-sided records. These prizes are in addition to the usual money prizes, which are just as big as ever. Those who win these graphophones will, I'm quite sure, be delighted with their prizes.

RUDE REMARKS.

In the Sur-prizes column recently I published a four line verse and invited readers to add a last line. Ten Stylographic Pens were offered for the ten best.

Below is the verse, together with four of the selected winners:

At a beauty show held by the sea,
Young Percy, the swanker, was there,
He expected to win the first prize,
Till a voter was heard to declare:

"These 'shy things' make one want to 'shy things'."

And: "Entries confined to men, women, and children. What's this?"

Here's another: "He ain't two-faced, or that one he'd leave at home."

And: "Percy, rub that face out, and draw it again."

You'll find several most attractive competitions on page 413.

TRIPLE DEAD-HEATS.

THREE TIMES writes: "I have had an argument over the extraordinary triple dead-heat in the recent American golf championship. Such dead heats have probably occurred many times in running, but a friend of mine asserts that it has also happened in horse-racing. That I dispute. Who is right?"

Your friend is, THREE TIMES. On August 25th, 1896, Casso-cou, Messala, and Bajardo dead-heated in the Badminton Plate at York. The horses were ridden by Sammy Loates, Morny Cannon and Tommy Loates. What made the meeting still more extraordinary was that on the following day there were two more dead-heats. Only as recently as August 30th last, three horses dead-heated for second place in the Baden-Baden Grand Prix. The horses were Martial III., Baldaquin, and

Cyklon. The latter, specially sent over from Newmarket for the race, was ridden by the well-known jockey, F. Bullock.

THE STRUGGLING INSURANCE AGENT.

In our recent series on people who have to struggle hard to make both ends meet, one of the strugglers dealt with was the insurance agent. INSURANCE has written me, however, saying that the average agent's position is a good deal better than most workers. "I have been an insurance agent only three years," he writes, "and during that time my average earnings have been over £2 4s. weekly. A short time ago I was promoted, and I'm now getting much more. We are treated well in every way. Only recently one of my fellow-agents died and his widow was given £100 as a tribute to her husband's efforts, though she had no legal claim on the company. I know men who have grown old in the insurance business, and who have retired on pensions, and every week I see the wolf kept from the door through policy moneys paid when times were not so hard."

It mustn't be thought that because an instance was given of an insurance agent who had to struggle all the time to make both ends meet, that all insurance agents are in the same boat. There are strugglers in every profession, and it was to describe these strugglers attempts to get on that the series was written. I am glad that you are doing so well, yourself, INSURANCE, and I am glad that you speak up for the insurance system, for properly worked, it is one of the greatest safeguards against rainy days.

A.M. OR P.M.?

THERE's at least one person who always knows the time, and that's our office-boy. A sixth sense tells him when to knock off work, and that sixth sense is generally in full blast! BLUE-BELL is rather puzzled about the time, however. He writes: "I came across the expression, '0.30 p.m.' I thought it meant thirty minutes after mid-day, but a friend argues that it means thirty minutes after midnight, arguing that p.m. is night-time."

Your friend is wrong, BLUE-BELL. P.M. begins immediately after mid-day, and a.m. immediately midnight has struck. Three o'clock in the morning is 3 a.m., while three in the afternoon is 3 p.m. If your friend had known the meaning of p.m. and a.m., that is, *post meridian* and *ante meridian*, he would not have argued with you. For his benefit you can tell him that they are Latin expressions meaning "after noon" and "before noon."

HOP-PICKING PHRASES.

A LAD OF KENT writes: "I have just read your interesting article on hop-picking. It is quite correct, but I don't think the writer is a Kent man or he would have used some of our own expressions. A hop-yard here is always called a hop-garden, and you seldom hear of hop cuttings, although, of course, there are such. In Kent we always call them 'sets.' The 'bines' are pulled down by the pickers into their 'bins.' The 'bin-man' slips off the heads with a large hook. The 'tally'—that is, payment—ranges from four to eight bins a shilling. Each picker has a book in which he puts the total of his pickings. As a rule they are paid at the end of the season, though some pickers will 'sub' at the end of each week."

You are quite correct, A LAD OF KENT, in saying that our contributor does not come from the champion county. But if he had used purely Kent expressions then all our readers who are not lads of Kent would not have understood. That is why he described hop-picking in words that readers in Scotland, say, would understand as well as readers down south.

A SHOOTING STORY.

DUBIOUS writes: "A week or two ago you published a rather 'tall' story. Here, however, is a true one. A friend of mine used to boast that he killed a rabbit, a salmon, and a dozen partridges, all with one shot from an ordinary fowling-piece. He was shooting on the banks of the River Islay, and aimed at a rabbit on the opposite bank. Just then a salmon leapt out of the water and received a few pellets in its back, killing it. The gun slightly hung fire and 'kicked,' knocking my friend on his back. He fell on a nest of partridge eggs just hatching, thereby killing all the young ones."

DUBIOUS is not quite the right pen-name you should have chosen for telling that tale! Still, as you say it is a true one there is nothing for me to say, is there? But perhaps some of my shooting readers will have something to say on the subject of extraordinary feats with fowling-pieces!

"P.W." AS A HAT-LINING.

THE next letter comes from the North-west of India, and is written by CORPORAL. "Even right away on the north-west frontier," he says, "Pearson's Weekly is read and appreciated. Perhaps the following curious use of its covers may interest you. The doctors here have been experimenting with our helmets, and have found that the greatest protection to the head from the terrific heat is a red lining. As our helmets are lined with white I suddenly thought to myself, 'What about the cover of P.W.?' I pasted one inside, and now the whole section have got them, and they have been highly recommended by the medical officer."

That is a good-unsolicited testimonial, CORPORAL! The uses to which P.W. have been put in various parts of the world are simply amazing. Only a short time ago a reader from South Africa wrote and pointed out what warm blankets they made on cold nights, and hundreds of photographs have been developed by their aid.

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 84.

The First Prize of £250 has been awarded to: **MRS. SKELTON, 55 Sankey Street, Warrington,** for the "Middle":

"DANGER SIGNAL"—"SIL! FROM HEL!"

The Second Prize of £50 has been divided between: **A. E. FELL, 209 Corn Exchange, Manchester,** and

H. GRAY, 55 Norfolk House, Regency Street, Westminster, S.W., for the "Middle":

"THE CAT"—"A BIRD FANCIER."

Three Prizes of £10 each have been awarded to: **RENAUD H. ASHWORTH, 54 Stockport Road, Mornay, Cheshire,** for the "Middle":

"SILLY THINGS"—"SPEEDOMETERS ON SNAILS."

F. CHAPPELL, 74 Oakfield Road, Southgate, N., for the "Middle":

"SUNSHINE VISIT"—"IDEA STRIKES 'ALOT.'"

W. FARRE, 38 Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E., for the "Middle":

"REAL THING"—"TIPLER MEETING TWINS."

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

Adkin, H., 23 Stanley St., Burton-on-Trent; Andrews, G. E., Margate College, Margate; Balcour, J. H., 177 Bonus Rd., Graysmouth, N.B.; Ball, A., 143 Friargate, Preston; Barnett, Mrs. E., 81 Hungerford Rd., Crews; Barrett, H. H., 76 Canney Old Rd., Bolton; Baxter, S. H., 23 Link Ave., Stratford, Manchester; Benson, J. O., Aspley House, Lr. Brompton, Chesham; Berry, F., Hays Cott., Wivenhoe, Som.; Best, E. H., 12 Alington, Loret, Devon; Bewin, H., 12 Brewer St., Maidstone; Birchall, R., 263 Auction Rd., Alerton, Bradford; Bennett, A. G., The Willows, Leazes Park Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Boyd, W. Harris, Monill, Co. Leitrim; Brampton, H. St. Ives, Cornwall; Brabyn, W. L., 6 Cyril Cres., Cardiff; Brewer, Miss A., Tanarua, Moor Green, Southampton; Bues, A., 30 St. Bride's Rd., Egrement, Chesham; Buchanan, Wm., 19 East London St., Edinburgh; Carr, J., 101 Jackson St., Gt. Yarm, Kent; Carr, G., 14 Stradbroke Rd., Southwold, Suffolk; Caunce, J., 97 Old Park Lane, Southport; Chappell, W., 53 Queen St., Newton Abbot; Clayton, Wm., 158 Grove Hill, Skinningrove, Yorks; Cleaton, E. E., The Willows, Buntingford, near Wigan; Clements, C. J., 19 Watson Ave., Mansfield; Coward, J., 39 Church St., Whitehaven; Crabtree, F., Junor, 77 Middle St., Stroud; Douglas, Miss L., 101 Jackson St., Gt. Yarm, Kent; Doyle, A. W., Soker Staff, British Miss. Co., W. G. Drow, O. J., Linceth Rd., Newport, Mon.; Edie, Wm., Weymouth Lodge, Taplow, Bucks; Foster, C., 16 Foster Lane, Fairview, Dublin; Furnston, E., 54 Chapel St., Rhosy-Med, near Ruabon; Graham, R., 3 Harraby Green Rd., Cardiff; Green, O., 60 Sussex Ave., Ashford, Kent; Gregory, L. H., 15 Beaton Ave., Matley, Plymouth; Hammill, Mrs. L., 57 Bamburgh Tce., North Shields; Harrison, R., Stock Exchange, Gt. Yarm, Kent; Hargrave, G., 14 Kingsley, Tamworth; Henderson, J., 17 Mytton St., Manchester; Hook, H., 57 Copthorne St., Dirkhill, Bradford; Hopkins, F., 21 Muriel Rd., Lee, S.W.; Howe, J., 15 Hanginghaw, Glasgow; Humphreys, W., Farnham, Wexham; Jackson, G., Horseshoe, Tottenham Court Rd., W.; Jackson, H. O., 43 Fell St., Holt Rd., Liverpool; Jamieson, Mrs. F., 47 Cromwell Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.; Jones, J., 71 Connaught, Kensington, Liverpool; Lake, R., 60 Rectory Lane, Tooting, S.W.; Lee, J., 86 Castle St., Cambridge; Lissenden, N., 3 The North Walks, Huntingdon; Lippin, D. G., 362 Scotland Rd., Liverpool; Long, H. H., 14 Kensington Rd., Stockton-on-Tees; Longleat, J. H., 21 Thornton Lane, Bradford; Macphie, D., 93 Milton Rd., Croydon; Maddox, G., 41 Alberta St., Loughton; Malby, W. W., Old Market Place, Grimsby; Mann, G., Alexandra St., Grimsby; McCallagh, A. R., Melbourne Lodge, W. Harlepool; Merritt, N., 66 Victoria Rd., Bedford; Morrison, J., 60 Albion Rd., Edinburgh; Newman, Emma, 21 Weston Rd., Bearwood, Birmingham; Nicholson, Miss E., Ashton Villa, Leamington; Noble, T., Wyngard St., New Salford, Sunderland; Paton, A. E., Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; Paterson, J., Ash Loryjorgan, Dundee; Patton, H., 13 William St., North Shields; Peadar, J. H., 27 Manor Park, Redland, Bristol; Pounder, G. H., 6 Wilfrids Tce., Raven St., Hedon Rd., Hull; Rose, S. C., Gas Co., George St., Plymouth; Rowland, E., Angoria, High St., St. Dogmaels, Cardigan; Ruscoe, G., 58 Lozells Rd., Birmingham; Russell, F. R., 256a Holburn Rd., Aberdeen; Rutherford, G., 228 Salisbury Tce., Gateshead-on-Tyne; Ruxton, Chas., Cheshire Constabulary, Middleton; Scully, J., 286 Hilltown, Dundee; Salwood, A., North Surrey Schools, Asertey, S.E.; Slavin, P., Heatherville, Main St., Fauldhouse, N.B.; Smith, J., Hockley Rd., Rayleigh; Smith, S. A., 78 Fisherton St., Salisbury; Smith, W., Sturt Ave., Haslemere; Splar, H., 28 Ashbell Rd., Sharnfield; Stevens, D., Tramways Office, Bristol; Stocks, E. A., 167 Yardley Rd., Acocks, Greens, Birmingham; Thrippleton, C., Cheltenham Ave., Leode, Todd, E., 46 Bath St., Bngby; Vennard, H., 18 Glenarm Rd., Clapton, N.E.; Ward, J. F., 54 Brougham Rd., Bearcombe; Wellington, E., Melford View, Glenfield; Wightman, T., 25 Ashley St., Carlisle; Williams, Nurse A., The Infirmary, Luton; Williams, Rev. W. G., Rectory, B. Cross, Pembrokeshire; Willson, C., Paternoster, Row, Winchester; Wilson, G., 41 Milk St., Bristol; Wilson, J. S., 158 Whitehall St., Denstone, Glasgow; Winn, T. F., 9 Marlfoot Ave., Marston, Hull; Wood, A. E., 1 Dryden St., Hull; Wright, Stanton, Greenlands, Waddon C. Rd., Waddon.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.



A box of Clarnico Lily Caramels for each of the winning side. My! That would make the game worth playing. Think of it—cream and sugar and almonds with a coating of lovely chocolate. Ask for

CLARNICO Lily Caramels

The New Chocolated Ones.

Something really good for discriminating people.

Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.

FREE FOWLS

BUFF ORPINGTONS or
WHITE WYANDOTTES

offered in this week's

Smallholder.

Now Selling—1d.

HEIGHT INCREASED

By wearing our Faridan apparatus. Can be regulated from 1 in. up to 5 in. high. 2s. 6d. in plain wrapper. Size of boots. The only invention on the market. The Hygienic Footwear Co., 4 Sheepscar Street, Leeds.

A Good Appearance Helps You.

DON'T doubt that. Poets, Philosophers and even business men agree on it. It is one of the most foolish things in the world to appear unprosperous; by so appearing your prospects are damaged, your chances handicapped, and people seem less willing to aid and trust you. Therefore, dress as well as your means will honestly allow. Clothing these days costs little and does much. Let us measure you for a smart West End style suit—good cloth—a just-right fit, and size and finish. The consequence will be that your enhanced appearance will help you in business and in general good report. Our Easy Payment Plan is for your use, or we allow 10% in the 2 discount for cash down. Get our pattern cards, style book and form—Free. Ask for light or dark patterns when you write.



'BURLINGTON' SUIT,
Made to Measure **35/-** Easy Terms.

Don't forget our Boot Department Catalogue Post Free.

CATESBYS Ltd.

(Dept. 7), 64-67 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars to Professor Frowse, 16 North End Chambers, Croydon



FITNESS

In case of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get it by the standard scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, no dieting, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 1 stamp postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., London, W.C. Established 25 years.

ADAM'S FURNITURE POLISH

A MARVELLOUS BARGAIN

An English Hall-Marked Silver Lever Watch for **£1**

2/- DEPOSIT ONLY. Pay 2/- monthly after receipt of the Watch. To all approved Orders.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.



Terms: 2/- DEPOSIT and 2/- MONTHLY. THESE WATCHES are made in very heavy, SOLID SILVER CASES, Government hall-marked, capped and fully jewelled, ivory dial, and gold hands, KNOWN AS THE FINEST TIMEKEEPERS IN THE WORLD. A signed warranty for TEN YEARS given with each watch. The workmanship in these Watches is not excelled by any Watch costing five times the amount, and, in fact, have never been sold by any other firm under 50/-.

We send it carefully packed and insured post paid direct to your door.

Send your order on the coupon, enclosing a P.O. for 2/-, and secure one at once. Cash returned in full if not as represented.

THE BRITISH SUPPLY STORES, the noted merchants of Cannon Street, Manchester, are making an extraordinary offer, and are placing before the public their celebrated **50/- ENGLISH HALL-MARKED SILVER LEVER WATCHES** at a special Bargain price of £1, and, furthermore, in order to advertise their name and goods throughout the Kingdom, and also to enable everyone to come into possession of these splendid Watches, The British Supply Stores will send same, post paid and insured, to any part of the world, to all approved orders, upon **FIRST PAYMENT OF 2/-**. The balance of 18/- may be paid by instalments of 2/- **PER MONTH AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE WATCH.** This offer should prove our confidence that you will be satisfied with this great bargain, and we allow you to enjoy the use of this splendid Watch while paying for same by small instalments.

DO NOT DELAY. SEND YOUR ORDER NOW, as this special offer is only for a limited time, and you may miss the greatest bargain of your lifetime. A number of the Watches will be specially reserved, and the time extended for Foreign and Colonial orders.

You run no risk with these Watches, as we fully guarantee every Watch to be a splendid timekeeper, and give a **Signed Warranty for 10 Years.** We also undertake to refund your cash in full if the Watch is not exactly as represented.

Fill up this Coupon now and send at once, together with a postal order for 2/-. If the number of Watches we have reserved for advertising is exhausted by the time your order reaches us, we will refund your deposit in full.

A handsome present is sent with watch if full cash is remitted.

Pearson's Weekly.

COUPON.

Oct. 11th, 1913.

To the BRITISH SUPPLY STORES,
21 CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER.

Dear Sirs,
I wish to avail myself of your special offer, and herewith enclose a deposit of 2/- for one Silver Lever as advertised. I promise to pay the balance of 18/- by instalments of 2/- per month. The watch to be sent post paid and insured to the address below.

NAME

ADDRESS
(in full)

The coupon may be copied, and the order given on a sheet of plain paper, but you must please mention Pearson's Weekly.

HAVE YOU TRIED "MIDDLES?" IF NOT, SEND IN NOW AND WIN £250.

£250

£50

£10

£10

£10

1st PRIZE

2nd PRIZE

3rd PRIZE

4th PRIZE

5th PRIZE

One Hundred Prizes of 10s. each, and in addition Ten Special Prizes of Columbia Graphophone listed at £3 3s. each, together with Three Double-sided Records. (For further particulars of these see page 418.)

The adjudication of the attempts in the "Middles" competitions is carried out in such a way that the best lines must win. There is no element of chance. All the entry forms received undergo a preliminary examination by a staff of competent judges, and those lines which show no merit, or which have in any way contravened the rules of the competition, are put aside. The remainder are then again carefully read, and those showing the greatest amount of merit are placed before the Editor

who, in consultation with three responsible members of the staff, finally decides the order of merit. This system keeps a staff of judges continually employed. The method adopted is so thorough and exhaustive that it is quite impossible for any meritorious line to be overlooked. The names and addresses of the competitors are never taken into consideration, and no award is decided arbitrarily on any one opinion. No pains are spared to insure the success of the really best lines.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with any one of the letters contained in the word or phrase you choose, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the phrase "STAR TURN." Use, say, the letter "S" as the initial for the first word and, say, "G" and "C" for the second and third, and we get "SELDOM GETS CABBAGES." Or, using the same phrase "STAR TURN," we could use the letter "A" as initial for our first word, and, say, "A" again for the second word, and we get "AUDIENCE APPLAUDS."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

LONDON	ULSTER ARMY	WORTH MORE	SEALED ORDERS	FOOTBALL IN WALK
NOWADAYS	HASHED MEAT	CALL AGAIN	RURAL AFFAIRS	FOGGY WEATHER
RACKBONE	CHEAP GOODS	REG PARDON	RIFLE SHOOTING	TELEPHONE MURDER
STAR TURN	MUDDY BOOTS	DISAGREEABLE	IRISHMAN'S RISK	OFFICE FURNITURE
CITY LIFE	TWO OPINIONS	GOOD MANNERS	NEVER REALISED	PUZZLING QUESTION
WONT WASH	STRIKE FEVER	LOOKING AHEAD	TICKETS, PLEASE	HARVEST FESTIVAL
SPOONING	BRAIN FOOD	DETERMINATION	WOMAN'S SECRET	GREAT EXPECTATIONS
NINE LIVES	WIDER GOALS	OLD FASHIONED	AFTER MARRIAGE	ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Names and surnames must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and black lead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to its postal order for postage, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Harcourt Street, London, W.C.
4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 87" in the top left-hand corner.
5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, October 15th.
6. There are two entry forms; you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 10s. must be sent.
7. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. & J. Pearson Ltd., and must be enclosed in a separate envelope in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
8. The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the author of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom the originality of ideas will be taken into consideration. If there are two or more entries of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such entries.
9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, or its results will be ignored.
12. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

THE RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 84 APPEARS ON PAGE 418.

This insurance scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay only number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE
INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

596 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.
Including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This insurance holds good for any number of claims of £2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days of the accident.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post office servants in railway carrying vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway passenger, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* in him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by

an accident on a railway, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding an ordinary cycle, provided that death occurred at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon Insurance Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Section 23 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-monthly subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the receipt to the publisher of the paper, Harcourt Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, October 6th, 1913, until midnight Tuesday, October 13th, 1913.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES" NO. 87.

WORDS SELECTED.	"MIDDLES"
87	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	(No. of P.O.)
Address	

You may send TWO "Middles" on the above entry form with a postal order for 10s. if you use both the one above and the one below send 1-.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES" NO. 87.

WORDS SELECTED.	"MIDDLES"
87	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	(No. of P.O.)
Address	

THE OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

offers to Professional and Business Men, through its up-to-date Policies, complete protection against the many risks of Accident and Sickness to which All are exposed.

Head Office: MOORGATE ST., LONDON.

NOTHING WORRIES THE YOUNG WIFE

during the first year of married life so much as what to cook and how to cook.

HOME COOKER

TELLS HER.

NOW SELLING

Printed by the FARM & QUEEN (H. & C. G. L.) Buildings, E.C. and Published by C. ARNOLD & CO. at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Harcourt Street, London, W.C.

£500=15/- for 3/-

HOW IT WAS WON:

Mr. S. B. Corsbie, of Norwich, read my advertisement in this periodical just as YOU are reading it now; he saw how I had won BIG PRIZES for my clients, and resolved to try my "WINNING SPECIALS" himself. On July 16th, 1913, Mr. Corsbie sent me 3/- for two "WINNING SPECIAL" efforts per week for four weeks for "ANSWERS" SIMPLETS Nos. 41, 42, 43, and 44. The efforts for No. 41 failed to get a prize, the efforts for No. 42 won 7/6, efforts for No. 43 a further 7/6, and the efforts I sent him for No. 44, which included

"REGISTERED LETTER— ROWTON HOUSE RARITY,"

won him the FIRST PRIZE of

£500,

making a GRAND TOTAL of

£500 15/-

A return of 333,800 per cent. on a nominal outlay of 3/-.

MY CLIENTS ARE REAPING A RICH HARVEST OF PRIZES.

One client acknowledges five Prizes in successive weeks in "JOHN BULL"; another client acknowledges winning every week with a monthly sub. in "ANSWERS" SIMPLETS; still another acknowledges winning six Prizes with one month's subscription, including a

FIRST PRIZE IN YOUR FAVOURITE CONTEST.

MY RECENT SUCCESSES INCLUDE:

9 FIRST PRIZES IN "ANSWERS."

9 FIRST PRIZES IN "TIT-BITS."

6 FIRST PRIZES IN YOUR FAVOURITE PAPER.

Get your efforts from THE Originator of the Competition Business, the man who gives Genuine Proof in the Advertisement of Winning Big Prizes FOR CLIENTS, and the one and only Record-holder of Big Wins.

All Efforts I Supply are Exclusive and Evolved to Catch the Judge's Eye.

TERMS (Any Contest):

"WINNING SPECIALS" (equal to my FIRST PRIZE WINNERS), 2 for 1/-; 4 for 1/6; 8 for 3/-, and stamped address.

MONTHLY TERMS: 2 "Winning Specials" weekly, 3/-; 4 weekly, 5/6; 6 weekly, 8/-; 8 weekly, 10/-, and 4 stamped addressed envelopes.

Stamped Addressed Envelopes for all Replies. 15 per cent. commission on all wins over £1 in value.

PEARSON HELLIWELL, Competition Journalist,
Stechford, BIRMINGHAM

EXCLUSIVE FREE EFFORTS.

Never in the long history of Competitions have FREE EXCLUSIVE EFFORTS been offered to the public. Many solutionists have advertised FREE "Efforts," but they have not dared to guarantee them EXCLUSIVE. Maurice Raymond, the famous journalist, now invites you to try his EXCLUSIVE efforts free for any contest and will forfeit

£1,000 IF DUPLICATION IS PROVED.

Raymond guarantees that no single effort will be sent to more than one applicant. A similar guarantee has been sent to the editor of

"THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL."

To fulfil this daring guarantee will involve enormous expense, but Raymond is confident that the public will appreciate and co-operate with such a sporting offer, of which HONESTY is at once the keynote.

**WARNING—AVOID FREE "SOLUTIONS" NOT GUARANTEED
EXCLUSIVE AND BEWARE OF SOLUTIONISTS WHO REFUSE
A FREE TEST!**

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Mr. M. RAYMOND (Dept. 11).

Offices: 150 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Please send me FREE TRIAL EFFORTS for and list of testimonials, entitled: "Raymond's Ladder of Success." I enclose a stamped addressed envelope and promise to enter your free efforts and to pay you 3s. in the £ if a prize results.

NAME

ADDRESS
R.A.S. ("P. W.," No. 11-11/10/13.)

FAIRGOOD WINNING EVERYWHERE

15 PREMIER PRIZES

IN THE LAST FEW DAYS.

"TIT-BITS," £75. August 30th. "Intimates—Secrets Exchanged."

"ANSWERS" Premier Prize. "His only chance—Hooking her Eye."

YOUR FAVOURITE PAPER, £50 (Second Prize), and Two £10 prizes. Also BOTH Second and Third Prizes on September 6th, £25 and £10, and again Fourth Prize September 13th.

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE," £5 Prizes. "Mortification—Follows Rival's Triumph." "Assignment—Gratifies Amorous Individuals." "Regularity—Ensures Tranquil Lives."

"IDEAS," £5 Prizes. "Foreknowledge—Needs Great Acumen." "Unsold—Indicates Something Lacking."

"JOHN BULL" Premier Prizes. "Irresistible—Boy—Stone—Tomcat." "Beauty Spot—The Carver Annexes."

All the above SUPPLIED BY ME to the Winners, following my Big Wins a few weeks previously which included £500 for "Austere Dictator Ever," and £300 for "Backache—After Losing Sixpence."

FREE SOLUTIONS.—If you have never tried my solutions previously I will send two first-class solutions for any Competition free on receipt of stamped address. Never have I known any solutionist offering free solutions, except myself, to get big prizes for clients. Go by the proofs.

This is the commencement of a bumper season for my clients. Send your order AT ONCE and have a share.

**All solutions guaranteed unduplicated by the
one and only Record Holder of Big Wins.**

TERMS FOR SOLUTIONS: 4 for 1/-, **PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS** (equal to my £500 and £300 winners), 2 for 1/-, 4 for 1/6, 8 for 3/-. Monthly Terms: 2 weekly, 3/-; 4 weekly, 5/6; 6 weekly, 8/-; 8 weekly, 10/-. Enclose sufficient stamped addresses; 10 per cent. comm. on prizes over £1.

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Road, Peckham.

OSMOND AGAIN!

Three New "JOHN BULL" Premier Wins since writing last advertisement:

Making Slow Progress—Watch When Watched.

Going Bankrupt—Only My Tailor.

Board Residence—Carver Becomes Starver.

Following up my Record Successes:

Lawyer's Advice—A "Trial" Solicited:

£500 (John Bull)

Grandmotherly Legislation—Marbles Abolished Next:

£500 (John Bull)

Dead Silence—Crank's Ideal Sunday:

£500 (John Bull)

Out Of Fashion—Fitting Permitting Sitting:

£500 (John Bull)

Short of Cash—Studying Employer's Signature:

£500 (John Bull)

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